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LESSONS IN
RIGHT DOING.

VOLUME I.

STORIES AND TALKS

BY

EMMA L. BALLOU.

LEBANON, OHIO:
MARCH BROTHERS,
48 MULBERRY ST. E.

1892.

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PREFACE.

In the following lessons I have sought to present the principles which underlie all right actions in such plain and simple form as to be easily understood by young children. If, when placed in the hands of the children, the book shall prove of use in helping them to fight the battle with evil, which they must fight if they become true men and women, I shall be satisfied.

The lessons will be much more valuable to the children if the teacher will allow them, after reading each story, to close books and have a free discussion of the point brought out by the story before reading the discussion given in the book.

I have not undertaken to teach all that the children should know of right doing. Much that they should be taught, can not be taught in our public schools, but must be left to the home and the church.

INTRODUCTION.

BY N. A. CALKINS.

Right thinking leads to right doing. Right doing builds up a good character, the most valuable of attainments. Good character does not consist in what one says, but in one's thoughts and doings; it is a part of one's self, a product of active virtues. Children do not comprehend inactive virtues - virtue in the abstract - but they soon learn to perceive and to understand that which belongs to good character when they observe it and feel it through acts of others toward themselves, and toward those whom they love. By personal contact with virtues and with kind acts, children learn to know that which belongs to right doing. Children also learn to distinguish between good and bad acts, and between right and wrong ways of doing by reading proper stories about other children, and by thinking and talking about their acts.

When stories relate to common experiences of boys and girls, and the incidents told are life-like, they become excellent means for leading children to approve right feelings and good deeds, and to prepare them to decide in favor of like deeds in their associates; and finally they lead the children to exhibit similar feelings and to perform similar deeds themselves. Right conduct is a combined result of right thinking and of right doing. Right doing follows right willing.

When the child has been led to do an act because the act is one of kindness toward another, the act will uplift and develope him in right willing and in right doing. When the

INTRODUCTION.

child has been led to ask about an act,—“Was that kind?”—his moral judgement is developing and a standard for right doing is forming. Lessons that help the child to know the right and to will to do right acts are most valuable aids in the formation of good character.


The author of this little volume has prepared a series of lessons in harmony with the foregoing statements and principles that will aid children in distinguishing between right doing and wrong doing, and lead them to consider thoughtfully the consequences that follow each.

The subjects of “Obedience” and of “Punctuality” are presented through incidents and stories which relate experiences that are familiar to boys and girls; and the lessons to be inculcated are blended in such a manner as to cause the pupils to understand the virtues portrayed, and how to overcome their own bad habits.

The lessons on “Kindness,” “Truthfulness,” and the “Making and Keeping of Promises” will be found helpful to parents, as well as to teachers, in leading children to right thinking in relation thereto, and enable them to understand the great importance and the pleasure of right doing.

This simple lesson on “Conscience” will lead children to a better understanding of that inward monitor which prompts them to do the right thing, and warns them to shun the wrong way, and thus aid in strengthening the influence of this guiding power.

The author’s own class-room experiences, in praiseworthy efforts to train her pupils in habits of right-thinking, right-willing and right-doing, has led to the preparation of this series of practical lessons that will prove useful to those who desire to develop like virtues and habits in their pupils, and thus guide them in ways of doing that will build up good characters, and make excellent citizens.



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DEDICATION.

TO ALL THE LITTLE CHILD-
REN, RICH AND POOR, BRIGHT
AND DULL, GOOD AND BAD,
NOW MANY OF THEM GROWN
TO MANHOOD AND WOMAN-
HOOD, WHOM I HAVE TAUGHT
AND WHO HAVE TAUGHT ME,
I DEDICATE THIS BOOK.

CHAPTER I.

O B E D I E N C E.

LESSON I.

WHOM CHILDREN SHOULD OBEY.

Teacher.—“Good morning, Archie!” called May Davis, from her warm, cozy bed, one cold winter morning. “Are you up yet?”

“No,” answered Archie, “and I don’t want to get up, either. I am very comfortable where I am this cold morning.”

“We must get up, though, if it is cold, for it is almost time for breakfast,” returned May, as she sprang out of bed.

Very soon, the two children were busy putting on their clean, warm clothes. May found the soiled ruffle, that she had left in her dress the evening before, replaced by a fresh, clean one; and a rent in Archie’s jacket had been neatly mended.

When the children were properly washed and

dressed, they went to the dining-room, and ate a good breakfast that had been carefully prepared for them. After breakfast, each had some work to do, after which they looked over the lessons that had been thoroughly studied the evening before; then, putting on warm wraps, they went to school.

Who furnished these two children with their warm beds, their comfortable clothes and good breakfast? Who saw that they learned their lessons, and went to school? Did they do it for themselves? Fannie may tell.

Fannie.—They couldn't do it for themselves. Their parents did it for them.

Teacher.—Who takes care of you, in the same way? Some one earns the money to provide food and shelter for you. Some one takes care that you all have good beds to sleep in, good food to eat, comfortable clothes to wear. Who do these things for you?

Children.—Our parents.

Teacher.—Do you think, children, that it is the duty of your parents to take care of you? Frank may tell.

Frank.—I think it is, for we can't do it for ourselves.

Teacher.—Is it their duty to do anything for you

beside taking care of you in the ways of which I have spoken?

Carrie.—They ought to make us be good.

Teacher.—Yes, and they should either teach you or see that you are taught. Now, think what duties you owe to your parents?

Harry.—We should love them.

Nellie.—We should be kind to them.

Frank.—We should work for them.

John.—We should take care of them, by and by, when we grow up.

Teacher.—Yes, you should always be kind and loving to your parents, even when you are grown men and women. But there is another duty, that you all owe them now, something that the smallest child can do. Can you tell me what it is?

Nellie.—We ought to do what they tell us.

John.—We ought to obey them.

Teacher.—Yes, you owe your parents obedience because of their care for you. Do you think that Bertha ought to obey her aunt, who takes care of her?

Fannie.—I think that she ought.

Teacher.—Can you tell me why?

John.—Because her aunt takes her mother's place.

Teacher.—Is it your duty to obey your teachers?

Harry.—Yes, ma'am.

Teacher.—Can you tell me why?

Harry.—Our teachers have the charge of us when we are in school, in place of our parents.

Teacher.—You are right, and when your parents send you to school, they give up the control of you, to your teachers, for the time that you are under their care.

SUMMARY.

I should always try to be obedient.



LESSON II.

WHY CHILDREN SHOULD OBEY.

Teacher.—In our last lesson you told me that children ought to be obedient. There are many reasons why they ought to obey those who have the care of them. Baby Alice wants to climb up the stairs, but her mamma knows that it is not safe for her to do it, and will not let her. Why should Alice obey her mamma?

Annie.—Because she would get hurt if she didn't.

Teacher.—Why doesn't she know that herself?

Jennie.—She is too little.

Teacher.—You are right. She is too young to know what is safe for her to do, just as some of these boys are too young to know that it is not safe to jump on the cars, and would do it if they were not forbidden. A good many boys have been badly hurt, and some killed that way. It would not have happened to them had they been obedient.

Harry hates study and would like to play all the time, but he learns his lessons well, because his parents know how much better and happier he will be for it all his life. Harry doesn't know what is best for him, but he is obedient, and so is doing what is best.

Little Tommy heard a wicked man swear. He didn't know how bad it was, but his mamma told him that he must never use such words, because God had forbidden it. Who is God, children?

Nellie.—Our Father in Heaven.

Teacher.—Yes, and He knows just what we ought to do, to be well, and happy, and useful all our lives. Now you may tell me some of the reasons why you should be obedient.

Jennie.—Because we don't know what we ought to do and our parents tell us.

Fred.—Boys and girls who don't like to study

would grow up to be dunces, if they didn't mind their parents and come to school.

Nellie.—We shouldn't know what is right to do if our parents didn't tell us.

Teacher.—Children do not know what is safe or best or right to do. If left to themselves they would soon become sick, and unhappy and wicked. God has told your parents and teachers and all men and women to obey Him, because He knows what is best and wisest and perfectly right to do. These are the reasons why children are taken care of by parents, whom they must obey.

SUMMARY

I am too young to know what is safe and best and right to do, and my parents and teachers are given me by our Father in Heaven to teach me to do as I ought.



LESSON III.

HOW CHILDREN SHOULD OBEY.

Teacher.—One evening Clara, and Clarke, and little Robin were having a delightful time, when the clock struck eight. Clara was reading her new book, Clarke was drawing the picture of an engine on his slate, Robin was building a palace of blocks.

"Bed-time!" shouted cheery little Robin, at the first stroke, and was ready to go with his mother right away.

"I always have to go to bed just when I'm having a good time," grumbled Clarke, but he saw his father looking at him over his paper, so he put away his slate, and went sulkily up-stairs.

"Come, Clara," said her mother, and Clara answered in a sweet tone, "Yes, mamma;" but she went on reading, and didn't go to bed till she had been told three times.

Which of the children obeyed in the right way? Jennie may tell.

Jennie.—Robin did, and he was the smallest, too.

Teacher.—Can you tell me why Clarke did not do right? He put away his slate and went to bed when he was told. He obeyed, did he not?

Fred.—Yes, he obeyed, but he was cross about it.

Teacher.—You are right. He should have obeyed pleasantly, or cheerfully. What was wrong about the way Clara obeyed? She did what her mother told her to do, and she was pleasant about it.

Fred.—She had to be told too many times. She ought to have done it right away.

Teacher.—Then you think that it is the duty of

children not only to obey, but to obey cheerfully and promptly.

Little Margaret had been told by her father not to pick apples from a certain tree in the orchard. One day she climbed upon a fence, near the tree, and a beautiful yellow apple bobbed about, close beside her, as if it dared her to touch it.

"I won't pick this apple," she said to herself, "because papa told me not to, but I'll just bite it, to see if it is as good as it looks." Before she climbed down she had not only eaten nearly all of that apple, but a part of a good many of the others.

Her father found the cores on the tree, and in the evening when the children were all gathered about him, he told them what he had found. He said that the apples looked as if some strange bird, with a bill that made marks like a child's teeth, might have eaten them.

He asked them no questions, but Margaret, who was a brave, true child, confessed that she was the bird that had eaten the apples. Do you think that Margaret disobeyed her father?

Nellie.—I think she did.

Teacher.—But her father hadn't told her not to eat the apples; he had told her not to pick them, and she did not pick them.

Fred.—She knew that he meant that she must not touch them even if he didn't say so.

Teacher.—You are right. You should do what you know your parents and teachers wish you to do, even if they have said nothing about it.

Will you have to be obedient when you are grown up, and away from home? What do you think, Lucy?

Lucy.—We won't have to obey our parents then.

Harry.—Grown up men have to obey their bosses.

Teacher.—Some men have no bosses. Do they obey?

John.—No they don't have to obey anyone.

Teacher.—I have heard of men who would rather steal than work. Are they allowed to do so?

John.—No, they have to obey the laws.

Teacher.—You are right, and if they disobey the laws they are punished for their disobedience. Many people would do right even if there were no laws. Do they obey?

Harry.—They obey God.

SUMMARY.

I should always obey cheerfully and promptly.
I should do what I know my parents and my teach-

ers wish me to do, even when special commands have not been given me. I should obey God at all times.



LESSON IV.

SAMMY'S DISOBEDIENCE AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

You would have loved him if you had known him, just as everyone did. He was such a lovely little fellow that you couldn't have helped it. He was a favorite with all, teachers and pupils,

from the first day that he came to school. I knew him long before he reached my room, because everyone knew Sammy. He was a good boy, gentle and docile; he was very beautiful too; but I think it was his bright, happy temper that so drew all hearts to him.

It was while Sammy was in my room that the accident happened, as a result of his disobedience, which cast a blight over his whole after life.

Not many months before, a railroad had been built through the most quiet part of the town. All the children were wild with excitement over it. The track was on a level with the street, and there was nothing to keep the children out of danger but the constant watchfulness of parents and teachers, and the fear of the policeman, or the "officer," as the children called him.

Sammy, like all the other children, had been forbidden, again and again, to play near the railroad. If he had obeyed he would have saved himself weeks of anguish and a lifetime of regret.

It was on a bright Saturday, in the early summer, that it happened. The air fairly sparkled in the sunlight, and all the little ones of the town were enjoying their holiday to the utmost.

Sammy's father and mother were away from

home that day, and the children were left in the care of an older sister. She tried to look after them faithfully, but in her worry over the house-keeping and thought for the baby girl, she forgot the two boys, and they were soon in the street.

The railroad track was but a short distance from the house, and the children found themselves beside it. In spite of a few twinges of conscience, they greatly enjoyed their stolen freedom and watched the swiftly moving trains with the liveliest interest. The trains stopped coming, after awhile, and a car was left standing on the track.

Now, a new temptation came to the boys, as is so apt to be the case when one temptation is yielded to. They began to be very curious about that car.

"She's a milk-car; I know her. I say, Morris, let's go over there and see what's in her," said Sammy.

"You don't dare," said little Morris. "What would mamma say?"

"She'll never know," said Sammy, "and she wouldn't care either, if she knew how careful we would be. She is afraid we shall get hurt, that's all. I am not afraid. I guess I am big enough to

take care of myself." The boys walked toward the car as they talked, Sammy leading the way.

"Mamma wouldn't care, I know she wouldn't," said Sammy again, although he knew better all the time. "There isn't a train in sight; how can we get hurt. I'm not afraid."

"I wonder what's in her!" said Morris as he looked the car over. "What do you suppose, Sammy?"

"You stay here," said Sammy, "and I'll just climb up and see;" and he soon disappeared in the car. Morris stood still a moment and then followed after.

"Hi, Sammy! what are you doing there?" called a voice from the street.

"Just looking," said Sammy. "I'm going to stay only a minute. It's fun here; come and see."

"Aren't you afraid?" called the voice.

"Of course not," answered Sammy. "What is there to be afraid of? What can hurt us? There won't be another train for ever so long, and we won't stay more than a minute. Come on!" So another boy was added to the number on the milk car, and others were soon drawn to the place.

Very soon a fine game of tag, over the steps and through the car, was being enjoyed by the thought-

less children. They were so much interested in the game that they did not hear the train that was backing up to take the milk car, till it was nearly upon them. When they did discover it, they rushed off in wild haste.

All succeeded in getting safely away, but Sammy. He was last, and in his fright fell beneath the car. Before he could get up the dreadful wheels rolled over the poor child's leg, crushing and tearing it, till the lower leg hung only by a shred a little way below the knee.

The poor little fellow was taken up tenderly and carried home. The doctors came and cut the leg off, a little farther up, and dressed it and made him as comfortable as they could.

Then came long weeks of suffering. It was a sad household. The hot summer wore away at last, and Sammy began to get about a little. When the fall term of school opened he was able, with the aid of crutches, to attend.

It was a sad sight to see the once bright, active boy come swinging painfully to school. He had never lost a session, nor been once late, during the four years, from the day on which he entered school to the day on which he was hurt. But now he was not always strong enough to come,

and sometimes the slow-moving crutches would make him late, try as he would.

The child's face had changed, too. All the soft, baby beauty, all the dimples were gone. The gay light had faded out of the eyes. In its place was a look of weariness, that made my heart ache for him.

His playmates, too, began to neglect him. For awhile they hung about him, but they did not find in him the jolly companion they once had found, and, though they did not mean to be selfish, they often left him to watch the gay sports, that he could no longer join. It was hard for the boy who had always been the leader in every game. Sometimes some of the old fun would shine in his eyes, and he would laugh almost as gaily as ever, but it was months before his face lost much of its sadness.

He is a grown man now, and, though he does not feel his loss, as he did when a child, he can never get away from the thought that his act of disobedience has darkened his whole life, that he can never be a whole man.

SUMMARY.

I should always try to be obedient. I am too young to know what is safe and best and right to do, and my parents and teachers are given me

by our Father in Heaven to teach me to do as I ought.

I should obey cheerfully and promptly.

I should do what I know my parents and my teachers wish me to do, even when special commands have not been given me.

I should obey God at all times.

MOTTO :

You say you love your parents well,
Yet I am sure that I can tell
A story that is queer,
Oh, very, very queer.

You sulk and frown, when parents tell
To do what does not please you well;
Such love is queer, I fear,
Oh, very, very queer.

If you would show a love that's true—
'Tis you I mean, and you, and you—
Obey with smiles, my dear,
And then you'll be less queer.

BLACKBOARD EXERCISES.



I SHOULD ALWAYS TRY TO BE OBEDIENT.

WHY I SHOULD BE OBEDIENT.

HOW I SHOULD OBEY.

WHEN SPECIAL COMMANDS HAVE NOT BEEN GIVEN.

OBEY GOD.



CHAPTER II.

PUNCTUALITY.

LESSON V.

PUNCTUALITY SAVES MUCH TROUBLE.

Teacher.—Robert and Herbert Ballard were twins, and as like each other as two cherries growing on the same stem. In fact, they were so much alike in looks that they were often taken the one for the other. They were much alike in character also—studious, truthful, honest.

There was, however, one point in which the boys were very unlike. Their friends sometimes called them Ahead-of-Time Robert and Behind-Time Herbert. Robert was promptness itself. Herbert could never be made to see that it was his duty to do what he had to do, promptly. He was late at breakfast, late at school, late at church. He was well satisfied with himself when he did what he had to do even if he didn't do it at the right time.

"Boys," said their mother to them one beautiful day in August, "Uncle Arthur wishes you to be at his office this afternoon at three o'clock."

"All right, we will be there," said Robert.

"What did uncle want?" asked Herbert.

"He didn't tell me what he wanted," replied his mother, "he was too busy."

When the time came for the boys to start for their uncle's office, Herbert had a little more work to do on a kite he was making, while Robert had his finished, and ready for flying.

"It's time to go to the office, Bertie," said Robert. "I am going now and you had better come, too."

"I'll go in a minute," said Herbert. "There is plenty of time. I'll put on the finishing touches, and then I'll go."

"Don't be late, Bertie," called Robert as he ran off. He reached the office in good time, and was delighted when he found what his uncle wanted. They were to have a drive through the park, behind the splendid black horses that they so much admired.

Three o'clock brought his uncle from the office.

"Where is Herbert?" he asked.

"He will be here soon," said Robert, "he waited to finish his kite."

"Did you finish your kite?" asked his uncle.

"Yes," said Robert, "but Bertie didn't begin quite so early as I did."

"Why not?" asked his uncle.

"Well," said Robert, slowly, "he was a little late at breakfast this morning, and that made him late with his work."

"Which got up first?" asked his uncle.

"I did," said Robert, "but Bertie waited only a little bit after he was called."

"He has been just a little behind time all day, has he?" said his uncle. "Well, this train starts on time, so jump in."

"Please wait a few minutes longer," cried Robert. "I am sure he will be here soon."

"I would, Robert, for your sake, if it were possible, but I can't do it, I have only time enough for the drive. I am sorry, but we must go without him."

You may imagine how Herbert felt, when he reached the office, and found what he had lost.

Did Herbert deserve to lose his ride? What do you think about it, John?

John.—I think he did.

Teacher.—What do you think, Nellie?

Nellie.—I suppose he did, but it was too bad.

Teacher.—Why did he deserve it?

Jennie.—Because he ought to have been on time.

Teacher.—But he thought it would make no difference if he were a little late. Was that a good excuse?

Harry.—No, it was not.

Teacher.—But he did not know what his uncle wanted. Perhaps, he would have been early, if he had known about the ride. Was that a good excuse?

John.—No, he ought to have been early, anyway.

Teacher.—I think that he ought, and that he did deserve to lose his ride.

But the punishment does not always fall upon the guilty one. Quite often some one else suffers more than the one who is to blame.

After Herbert lost his ride, he resolved never to be behind time again, but he was, often and often.

The next winter the two boys spent their Christmas holidays in the country. One day they planned to go to the woods, for the Christmas greens. As usual, Robert started alone because Herbert was not quite ready.

“Come as quickly as you can, Bertie,” said Robert, before he started, “it isn’t pleasant to be in the woods alone. I would wait for you, but I know we couldn’t get back in time, if I did.”

"I will go in a few minutes," said Herbert, and he intended to do as he said.

When he went to his room, to get his overcoat and cap, he picked up his Robinson Crusoe book, and thought he would read, "just a minute," before he started. He read an hour before he thought what he was doing, and then rushed off, his conscience troubling him a good deal over his lack of promptness. The woods were very soon reached, but Herbert saw nothing of his brother.

"Rob, Rob," he called, "where are you?"

"Here I am, come and help me, Bertie," called his brother, faintly, from the depths of a snow bank. Herbert was soon beside him, and helped him out of his unpleasant position.

Robert had stumbled, when he first entered the woods, and was caught in the branches of a fallen tree, in such a way that he could not get up.

But he was not hurt, and if his brother had been with him, or had come a few minutes after the accident occurred, they would both have enjoyed it, as a good joke. Robert had lain an hour in the cold snow, while his brother was reading.

That night he was taken very sick, and it was weeks before he could be carried back to his home.

He was so sick, that, for many days, Herbert was not allowed to see him.

Poor Herbert, it was hard, for him to know how much his brother was suffering, as a result of his own thoughtless habit. He began to see that it was a duty to do what he had to do, promptly. He went to work in earnest, and this time he succeeded in curing himself of his bad habit. It took a great effort on his part, but in time he was as punctual, in every way, as even Ahead-of-Time Robert could have wished.

Now you may tell me some reasons why you should try to be punctual.

Fred.—We are in danger of getting into trouble if we are not on time.

Harry.—We are very likely to lose a good deal of fun if we are in the habit of being late.

John.—We make others beside ourselves trouble sometimes, when we are not on time.

SUMMARY.

I should always try to be punctual. If I am not punctual, I am in danger of making myself and others a great deal of trouble.

LESSON VI.

PUNCTUALITY SAVES TIME.

Teacher.—Six boys agreed to meet at a certain place, at nine o'clock on a Saturday morning. From there they intended to go to the woods for nuts. Five boys were at the appointed place at the time fixed. The sixth came half an hour later. The five punctual boys, very good-naturedly, waited for the laggard. How much time did each boy lose?

Nellie.—Each lost half an hour.

Teacher.—How much time did all lose?

George.—All lost two hours and a half.

Teacher.—Wasn't that a good deal of time to waste?

John.—I think it was.

Teacher.—Was it right for one boy to cause the others to waste so much time?

Jennie.—No, ma'am, it was not right.

George.—The boys needn't have wasted the time. They might have played while they were waiting.

Teacher.—They didn't want to play. They wanted to gather nuts. Perhaps the boy who was late, thought as George does, that it did not make much difference. If he did, he was wrong. He had

no right to take the time of the boys, even if he did think that their time was not of much value.

Teacher.—When you come to school late whose time is lost?

Frank.—The time of the one who is late.

Teacher.—Does any one else lose time?

Harry.—Yes, the scholars all lose a little time, when the late one comes in.

Teacher.—Is it right for any one to take your attention, even for a very short time, by being late? What do you think Nellie?

Nellie.—I think it is not right.

Teacher.—Is it right for any one to waste his own time by being late?

Frank.—No, it is not right.

Teacher.—Sometimes, when you are all doing some work on your slates, that you like very much, and the signal is given for you to stop work and sit in order, a few of you are so much interested in what you are doing, that you do not stop immediately, but write a few words more, and perhaps have to be told to stop. Is that right?

Harry.—No, it is not right.

Teacher.—Can you tell me why?

Frank.—I don't know why, but I think we ought to stop right away.

Nellie.—I think it is disobeying not to stop just as soon as we are told.

Teacher.—Yes, it is disobeying, but why are you told to do such things promptly, Nellie?

Nellie.—I don't know why.

Teacher.—I will tell you one reason. It is because it saves time for all to stop at the same instant, and where there are so many children, a very little time wasted makes a great deal of time for all. Do you think that you ought to do everything that you are told to do, promptly?

John.—I think we ought.

SUMMARY.

If I am not prompt in doing what I have to do I shall often waste my own time and the time of others.



LESSON VII.

PUNCTUALITY HELPS OTHER VIRTUES.

Teacher.—Herbert wanted a nice, long, sharp pencil, to take to school with him. His mother told him that he would find one on the mantel in the dining room, that he might have. Herbert knew

he had plenty of time. He thought he would finish what he was doing before he went for the pencil. What do you think, children, was the result? Harry may tell.

Harry.—I think he forgot to get it and went to school without it.

Teacher.—One day Herbert's father gave him a letter, which he asked him to mail. Herbert decided to play one more game of marbles before he mailed the letter, so he put it into his pocket, and played the game. What do you think he found in his pocket, that night, when he took off his coat?

Willie.—He found the letter.

Teacher.—Why hadn't he mailed the letter?

Fred.—Because he forgot it.

Teacher.—Was it Herbert's fault that he didn't mail the letter?

Frank.—I think it was.

Teacher.—But he forgot it. I know several children, who, when they do not do something they ought to do, think they are making a very good excuse if they say "I forgot all about it." Can we help forgetting?

John.—Sometimes we can't help it.

Teacher.—Could Herbert have helped it?

Harry.—I think he could, for he could have gone,

right away, and not waited to play marbles. Then he wouldn't have forgotten it.

Teacher.—You may tell me another reason why you should do what you have to do, promptly?

Nellie.—Because, if we put off doing things that we ought to do, we are apt to forget to do them at all.

Teacher.—Are you excusable for forgetting to do things, when your forgetfulness is caused by your not doing them at the proper time?

John.—No, ma'am, we are not.

Teacher.—If you often put off doing what you have to do, you may get a habit of forgetting that will be a trouble to you all your life.

If you get into the habit of being behind time now, while you are children, do you think you will be very likely to grow up to be prompt men and women?

Nellie.—I think not.

Teacher.—Do you think that a woman who has the habit of being behind time will be very apt to take good care of her home?

Jennie.—I think not.

Teacher.—Do you think that a man who has a habit of being behind time will be apt to be a very good business man?

James.—I think not.

Teacher.—What habit should you try to form now, while you are children?

Nellie.—The habit of being punctual.

SUMMARY.

If I put off doing what I have to do even for a few minutes, I am in danger of forgetting to do it at all

I should try not only to come to school early, and to do all my school work promptly, but I should try to do everything that I have to do, at the proper time.

In this way I shall form a habit of being punctual in all things.

LESSON VIII.

THE ANTI-BEHIND-TIME SOCIETY.

PART I.

The youngsters of the little village of Sleepy Hollow were wide-awake enough, whatever might have been said of their elders. As a rule, they were good boys and found vent for extra energy in directions that were harmless.

Robert Bruce was the leader in nearly all the plans for fun. I don't quite know why, for he was a quiet lad and not over-strong. Most of the boys could out-run him, out-skate him, out-climb him. Perhaps his gift for getting up new games was his strong point. One thing I do know, when anything new was started, Rob Bruce was sure to be at the head of it.

One fall, the boys had an unusually dull time. This may have been partly because it was war time, and their minds were too much taken up with battles for them to think very much of plans for fun.

But towards the close of the fall term of school there came a change. Almost anybody could have felt it in the air. A new idea had struck Robert Bruce, and he was working it out. This time the plan took the form of a secret society. Societies of all sorts and kinds had been formed before, but this one was to be a very different affair.

Robert had it all planned out before he said anything about it, and then half a dozen of his chief chums were invited to a conference in the old barn that had served as town hall for the village boys for a score or more of years. There was much whispering, and many nods and winks were indulged in on the sly.

The boys who had not been asked to join were much disgusted, and loudly expressed their contempt for the new society. They were quickly pacified, however, by a promise that they should be asked to join in a few days.



Saturday came and brought the boys together for the first meeting. Robert mounted the barrel which

served as speaker's stand, and there made the opening speech.

With a deep bow and a grand flourish he began: "Fellow Citizens—I have invited you to come here to-day, because I think it is high time we were doing something besides mope. We haven't had a bit of fun since we gathered the last butternut and stored it away, ready for some lazy squirrel to carry home without taking the trouble to climb a tree after it."

"Say, Rob," broke in Fred Trent, "have the squirrels got all the nuts?"

"Not this year," answered Rob, "but don't interrupt again, or you'll be put out."

"Better spell able," bristled Fred. "It would take more than you to do it."

"Keep still," shouted Jack Raymond, "I want to hear Rob's speech."

"Speech! Speech!" shouted the other boys.

"Well," went on Rob, "as I was saying, we haven't had a bit of fun since we gathered nuts more than a month ago. I think it's time we started something new, and it ought to be something more than just fun. Our fathers and brothers are off down South fighting for us.

Here Rob stopped and winked very hard. His

father was a chaplain in the army; Jack Raymond's oldest brother was lying sick in a hospital; each of the other boys had seen some one, whom he loved, march away to battle fields.

Robert swallowed something in his throat, and went on: "I think we ought to do something in the fighting line ourselves."

Here Robert surprised the boys by suddenly leaping from the barrels into the haymow and making a somersault in the hay. He came up straight in a minute, and went on, as calmly as if he had not interrupted himself in such an unheard-of manner.

"Now I have noticed that while we are lively enough when any kind of fun is going on, we're rather 'Sleepy-Hollow' kind of fellows about some things. We play soldiers and march, and wave our flags and yell, but we are not much like soldiers when it comes to some other things."

"What things, I should like to know?" cried Fred Trent, fiercely. "I'm not a coward, if that is what you mean. I am not afraid of you, nor your father, nor any of the rest of the Bruces."

Rob gave Fred a disgusted look and went on: "Do you suppose our soldiers are late at roll call? Do you suppose that when the general tells them to charge the enemy, they say, 'I will in a minute;'

or, when they are ordered to take a battery, do you suppose they ever say, 'Can't Company C do it? They are nearer.' Do you suppose they ever say such things?"

There was a faint chorus of "No, no," from the boys.

A silence followed which was broken by Rob, who asked, suddenly: "How many times have you been late at school this term, Jack Raymond?"

"Not more than a dozen," answered Jack, with a laugh.

"The rest of us have done about as well," said Rob.

PART II.

"Now I'll tell you what made me think about all this," went on Rob. "The other day mother called me to go to the well to get a pail of water for her. I was reading about the last battle, and how splendidly the soldiers on both sides had fought, and I said, 'I'll go in a minute.'"

"I guess it was half an hour before I thought of the water again, and when I rushed out to get it I found I was too late. Mother had brought it herself. Didn't I feel mean! Then I thought about forming this society. Perhaps it will help us fellows to be on time."

"I thought we came here for fun," said Fred Trent. "I, for one, didn't come to hear Rob Bruce preach. He had better leave that to his father. I won't join any such old society."

"All right," said Rob, "you needn't if you don't want to, only remember you daren't tell of anything that we have said."

"Who's to hinder?" cried Fred; "I'll tell just as much as I choose."

"Oh, you promised, you promised," cried Clarence Clapp.

Good natured Jack Raymond, for once, was angry enough to say with a look that Fred didn't like, "Tell, if you dare."

At that Fred subsided. As he was rather curious to know what Robert meant to do, he said nothing more about not joining the society.

Now that Fred was disposed of, Rob went on; "We will have plenty of fun, too. We will have a name, and badges, and will meet here every Saturday to report."

"We ought to have a president and such things," said Clarence Clapp.

"Of course we must have a president," broke in Fred. "I want to be president. If you will make me president I'll join; if not, I won't, so there!"

"A pretty president you'd make," cried Jack Raymond. "I think I ought to be president because I'm the oldest and the tallest."

"I think Rob ought to be president," piped up Rob's little brother Ralph, 'cause he started it, and I will nomi-nomi—what is that big word, Rob?"—

At that they all shouted with laughter, and poor little Ralph rolled over and hid his face in the hay.

But if Ralph didn't nominate Rob, some one else did, and very soon he was made president and Fred Trent didn't leave the society either.

Jack was made secretary because he was a good writer, and Clarence was made treasurer, though there were no funds to keep. That made no difference; Clarence was an officer, and was happy.

After a good deal of talk, the society was named the "Anti-Behind-Time Society." The badge was to be a white hen's feather colored red on one side and blue on the other, with the white quill in the center. The coloring and preparing of badges Clarence undertook to do, as he had a big sister who was an artist, and he was sure she would help him.

Jack wrote in a blank book, which Rob had ready, the rules of the Society.

All the boys who joined had to promise to do their best never to be late at school, never to be

late at the meetings of the "Anti-Behind-Time Society," and to do everything that they had to do exactly on time.

Fred Trent refused to join, at first, but when Rob proposed various plans for fun, one of which was, that the Society was to be invited, once a month during the winter, to come to the parsonage dining-room, there to eat apples, crack nuts, pop corn, and play games, he signed his name like a man.

Jack Raymond proposed a plan for helping one another to keep the rules, that was greeted with great applause. It was this—If any boy saw another one waiting when he had anything he ought to do, he was to speak one word. At that word the boy must start without hesitating a moment. The word decided upon was "Subordination." This plan was very pleasing to the small boys, who foresaw great fun in being able to command instant obedience on the part of their larger brothers.

The society proved a great success. For the next three or four months the grown-up portion of Sleepy Hollow had little cause to complain of lack of promptness in its boys.

No one, outside of the society, knew why the magical word, "Subordination," had such a wonderful effect upon the boys, who were so afraid of having

it shouted after them that they no longer dared to be "Sleepy-Hollow" fellows, but were up and doing. The society did not last very long, but some of the boys, Rob and Jack among the number, got into such a habit of being prompt, that they have kept the habit till this day.

SUMMARY.

I should always try to be punctual.

If I am not punctual, I am in danger of making myself and others a great deal of trouble.

If I am not prompt in doing what I have to do, I shall often waste my own time and the time of others.

If I put off doing what I have to do even for a few minutes I am in danger of forgetting to do it at all.

I should try not only to come to school early and to do all my school work promptly, but I should try to do everything that I have to do at the proper time.

In this way I shall form a habit of being punctual in all things.

MOTTO:

If you've anything to do, my dear,
Why, do it.
For, if duty you put off, I fear
You'll rue it.

BLACKBOARD EXERCISES.

I SHOULD ALWAYS TRY TO BE PUNCTUAL.

SAVES TROUBLE.

SAVES TIME.

PREVENTS DUTIES FROM BEING FORGOTTEN.

HOW I SHOULD BE PUNCTUAL.

HABIT.



CHAPTER III.

KINDNESS.

LESSON IX.

KINDNESS TO RELATIVES AND FRIENDS.

Teacher.—You have learned in the lesson on obedience how you ought to treat your parents, so I do not need to speak about it now; but there are others whom you should learn how to treat.

Arthur Davis had a little brother, David, of whom he was very fond. Arthur was a big fellow, fourteen years of age, David was but six. These boys lived on a great farm on a western prairie. They could stand beside their door and look away over miles of rolling prairie, which was covered, at the time of my story, with waving grain.

One day Arthur's father sent him on an errand to his uncle's. His uncle lived half a mile away on an adjoining farm. Arthur wanted to go fishing,

so he sent his little brother to do the errand, instead of doing it himself.

He knew that it was not safe for his little brother to go through the great cornfield that led to his uncle's house, alone. He knew that neither his father nor mother would, for one moment, have thought of letting the child do the errand. But he did not want to have his own pleasure spoiled. He watched Davie till he was out of sight, and then started for the river.

When Arthur returned home that evening he learned that Davie was lost. His absence had been found out, and all the people of the neighborhood were out looking for him. Two long days and nights passed before the poor little fellow was discovered. He had lost his way in the great field of waving corn, and had wandered about until he grew sick with the fright; and when they found him he was so sick that he did not know Arthur and could not speak to him.

What do you think of the way in which Arthur treated his little brother?

John.—It was selfish.

Fred.—It was cruel.

Frank.—It was very unkind.

Teacher.—Nettie had a little sister, several

years younger than herself. Nettie didn't like to have the care of her sister, so she was often very cross to her. Sometimes she ran away from her, and left her, crying, alone. Sometimes she struck her. Was that right?

Nellie.—No, it was not right.

Teacher.—How ought you always to treat your little brothers and sisters?

Fred.—We ought to be kind to them.

Teacher.—Sometimes I have seen little children treat their older brothers and sisters in a very disagreeable manner. Is that right?

Nellie.—No, ma'am, it is not right.

Teacher.—When older children have the care of little ones, how should they treat them?

Nellie.—They ought to be kind to them.

Clara.—They ought to take good care of them.

Jennie.—They ought to be pleasant to them.

Teacher.—Yes, older children ought to keep the little ones from harm, and not send them into danger, as Arthur did his brother. And the little ones ought to be pleasant to the older ones and do as they want them to do, when left in their care. You ought always to be specially kind toward all those of your own family. They should always be first in your regard.

How ought you to treat your friends and companions?

Harry.—We ought to be kind to them.

Teacher.—Yes, it is your duty to be kind to your friends.

Don't say hateful, spiteful things and do disagreeable things to those of whom you are really very fond. Many children are constantly quarreling with their friends. They would not do it if they were trying all the time to treat them kindly.

Do you think it is right for children to tease each other?

Tommy.—I don't know. I think it is fun.

Teacher.—What do you think, Fannie?

Fannie.—I know I don't like to be teased. My brother teases me sometimes, and I don't like it.

Teacher.—How many of you like to be teased? All who do, raise hands.

No hands are raised, but Fred says he doesn't care very much.

Teacher.—No one likes to be teased, though some don't mind it so much as others. If you take notice, you will find that those who like to tease, only tease those who are easily angered or vexed. There is no "fun" in it unless they are.

Then, teasing others interferes with their happi-

ness, and it is not right to do what will interfere with the happiness of any one, even if it is "fun," as Tommy calls it. It certainly is very unkind to enjoy one's self by making others unhappy.

SUMMARY.

I should always try to treat others kindly.

I should be specially kind to all members of my own family.

I should be very kind to my friends.



LESSON X.

GRATITUDE.

Teacher.—A kind lady once took a little boy into her home. The boy had neither father nor mother. The lady was very sorry for him, so she tried to be both father and mother to him.

She was not rich, and she had to work hard to take care of him. She went without many things that she wanted, so that he should be comfortable. She spent many hours in playing games with him, and in reading to him, so that he should be happy.

She educated him. She loved him very tenderly and tried to teach him to do right. How do you think the boy ought to have treated the lady?

John.—He ought to have been as kind to her as she was to him.

Nellie.—He ought to have done all the kind things he could.

Teacher.—Ought you always to be kind to those who have been kind to you?

Harry.—I think we ought.

Teacher.—You certainly ought. It is much worse to be unkind to those who have been very kind to you, than to be unkind to those who have shown you no kindness. You ought to feel kindly toward those who have shown you kindness. This we call being grateful. You should show your gratitude by kind actions. There is nothing worse than being ungrateful to those to whom you owe gratitude.

SUMMARY.

I should be grateful to those who have been kind to me, and should show my gratitude by doing kind things to them.

LESSON XI.

KINDNESS TO THE UNFORTUNATE, THE IGNORANT AND THE WICKED.

Teacher.—Once there was a little boy who had no home and no friends. Sometimes he had nowhere to sleep, except the street, and sometimes he had nothing to eat when he was hungry. This boy's name was Ned.

When the boys of the place where little Ned lived, found out how poor he was, and that he had no home, they were very kind to him. If one of them found him at evening with no place to sleep in, he would take him home with him and let him share his bed.

Poor as Ned was, he was always clean, so the boys' mothers were willing to let him stay in their homes. The boys took care of Ned in this way for several weeks. They would let no one hurt him, and they gave him food, so that he was never hungry any more. At last a good home was found for poor little Ned.

Did the boys do right? Was it their duty to care for little Ned? He was not a friend. He had done nothing for them.

John.—I think they did right.

Teacher.—Do you think it your duty to treat all

with whom you have anything to do, kindly, even if they are not your friends?

Jennie.—I think it is.

Teacher.—How ought boys to treat those who are smaller and weaker than themselves?

Fred.—They ought to be just as kind to them as if they were big enough to take their own part.

Teacher.—You are right; and let me tell you, there is nothing finer nor manlier in a big, strong boy, than a gentle, kindly way of treating all those who are smaller or less strong than himself.

Do you think it is always your duty to treat every one kindly?

Jennie.—I think it is.

Teacher.—Some children are ragged and dirty. How ought you to treat them?

James.—We ought to be kind to them.

Teacher.—Some children are stupid and some are ignorant. How ought you to treat them?

Harry.—I think if we have anything to do with them, that we ought to be kind to them.

Teacher.—You ought not only to be kind to them, but if they are in danger of getting into trouble and you can help them, you ought to do it.

Some children are bad, wicked children. How ought you to treat them?

John.—I think we ought never to have anything to do with such children.

Teacher.—One day, when Frank was going home from school, he saw a boy slip and fall heavily to the ground. The boy began to swear and to use such wicked language that Frank knew that he was a very bad boy. He was so badly hurt that he could not get up. What do you think Frank ought to have done?

John.—He ought to have helped him.

Teacher.—You ought never to make companions of wicked children, but you are sometimes obliged to have something to do with them. When you are, how should you treat them, kindly or unkindly?

Harry.—We ought to treat them kindly.

Teacher.—Yes, and if you can do anything to make them try to be better children, be sure to do it.

Always remember this, when you feel inclined to despise the wicked, that many of them are what they are because of their surroundings. You might have been no better than they if you had been placed as they have been. This ought to make you feel humble, and help you to treat such children kindly. The Bible tells us that we ought to love our neighbors as ourselves, and shows us, too, that

all with whom we have anything to do, are our neighbors..

SUMMARY.

I should be kind to all with whom I have anything to do, even if they are not such children as I would choose for companions.

I should be kind to the unfortunate, to the ignorant, and to those who are weaker than I.

I should treat even the wicked kindly.



LESSON XII.

FORGIVENESS OF INJURIES.

Teacher.—Charlie Grant was spinning along on his bicycle as fast as he could go, when a boy ran in front of him and called, “Hello! youngster, give me a ride.”

“I can’t now,” answered Charlie, “I’m in a hurry. Uncle John is going to take me to the magic-lantern show this evening. I must hurry, for if I’m not on time, Uncle John won’t wait. He never waits, and I have only just time enough to get there. Please get out of the way and let me go on.”

But the boy was in a disagreeable mood. He had no Uncle John to give him bicycles or to take him to magic-lantern shows. It made him feel cross.

"What do I care for your old shows," he said roughly; "jump off and give me a ride."

Charlie was a plucky little fellow, and he knew he was in the right, so he stuck stoutly to his bicycle.

But the boy was much larger and stronger than he, and soon jerked him off from the bicycle, and seated himself upon it. He rode several times around the block before he returned it to Charlie; then he ran off, calling back to him, "No show for you this evening, youngster!" He was right, as Charlie found when he reached his uncle's house.

The next day he went to his uncle and told him all about it. "Wasn't it mean, Uncle?" he cried, when he had finished the story. "I would like to pay him off for it."

"I think he deserves to be punished in some way," said his uncle. "Do you know anything about the boy?"

"Yes, Uncle; he lives in our street, and it isn't the first time he has done such things to me. I would like to thrash him if I was strong enough, but he is too big."

"Do you suppose he would like to go to the magic-lantern show?" asked Uncle John.

"Of course he would," said Charlie, "any fellow would like it, and I don't suppose he ever went to one in his life.

"Well," said his uncle, very gravely, "I will take you and one other boy this evening, if you will be sure to be here on time."

"You don't mean, Uncle, you can't mean, that you would have me invite Will to go to the magic-lantern show with us," said Charlie.

"He is your enemy, isn't he?"

"Yes, sir, I think he is."

"And I am pretty sure that he is just 'hungry' to go to the show," said his uncle. "Do as you choose: but I shall expect you this evening, and I think you will bring with you a boy, that will, from this night, be your friend."

It was very hard for Charlie, but he and his old enemy went together to the show. From that day they were friends. Did Charlie do right when he asked the boy to go with him?

Fred.—I don't know.

Teacher.—If any one treats you unkindly how ought you to treat him in return?

Harry.—I think we ought to pay him back.

Teacher.—What do you think about it, Fred?

Fred.—I am not sure what we ought to do, but if any one hits me I mean to hit him back. I am not going to let any one impose on me and not pay him back.

Teacher.—Because some one has done a wrong to you, does that make it right for you to do a wrong?

Fred.—Well, no, I suppose not.

Teacher.—Then you have made up your mind to do what you know to be wrong, have you?

Fred.—No, I don't mean to do that, but do you think we ought to let any one impose on us and not pay back?

Teacher.—I think you ought not to let any one impose on you, if you can prevent it, but if any one does wrong you, I certainly think you ought not to "pay back," by doing an unkind thing in return. You ought to forgive the injury. Don't you think it was much nobler in Charlie to do the boy who injured him a kindness, than to have "paid him back in his own coin?"

Nellie.—I think it was.

Teacher.—Jesus said, "Love your enemies, do good to them that hate you, bless them that curse you and pray for them that spitefully use you." I know that it is sometimes very hard to forgive,

but it is right. You will soon find that you will have few injuries to forgive, for the worst persons do not often injure those who are constantly kind, and gentle, and forgiving.

SUMMARY.

I should forgive those who injure me, and treat them kindly.

LESSON XIII.

KINDNESS TO ANIMALS.

Teacher.—There are those to whom the law of kindness applies besides the human beings of whom we have spoken. They are helpless creatures. Many of them do much for us. In fact, we could not well get along without them. Some of them furnish us with food. Others furnish us with clothing. Still others take us from place to place. James may tell me what I am talking about.

James.—You mean animals.

Teacher.—How do you think we ought to treat them?

Fred.—We ought to be kind to them.

Teacher.—Boys and girls sometimes own cats, or dogs, or birds. How should they treat these pets?

Harry.—They ought to be good to them.

Teacher.—What kind of care should they take of them?

Nellie.—They should take good care of them.

Teacher.—Yes; they are helpless. They cannot take care of themselves. If you own any pets you should never forget nor neglect them. Is it ever right to take the life of an animal?

John.—Yes; when we want them for food.

Teacher.—Can you tell me any other times when it is right to kill animals?

Mary.—I think it is right to kill them when we want them for clothing.

Fred.—It is right to kill an animal that has hurt some one.

Teacher.—Why should an animal that has hurt some one, a dog that has bitten some one, for instance, be killed?

Harry.—So that it cannot hurt any one else.

Teacher.—Is it right to kill animals for any other purpose or reason than those you have named?

Jennie.—I suppose it is right to kill mice.

Teacher.—Why is it right?

Jennie.—Because they do so much mischief.

Teacher.—Yes; and there are many other animals that it is right to kill, because they do much harm.

Fannie.—I know it is right to kill mosquitoes.

Teacher.—Do you think it is ever right to kill animals just for fun?

Fred.—No; it isn't right.

Teacher.—Do you think it is ever right to injure an animal just for fun?

Harry.—No, it is very wrong.

Teacher.—Do you think it is right to let animals fight and hurt each other, just for the fun of seeing them?

John.—I think it is very cruel.

Teacher.—Is it right to compel animals to work harder than they are able?

John.—No, it is wrong. It is against the law, too.

Teacher.—Do you think it is right to kill the birds to use them for trimming hats?

Fannie.—I don't know, but I should think that was using them for clothing.

Teacher.—Are we any more comfortable when our hats are trimmed with birds than when they are trimmed with something else?

Fannie.—No, ma'am.

Teacher.—I have read that the feathers are stripped from the live birds, because the feathers

are brighter and more beautiful than when the bird is killed first. Do you think it is right to make the little creatures suffer like that, just to make our hats look pretty?

Fannie.—I think it is cruel.

Teacher.—I think so, too, and the birds are such happy, beautiful little creatures, that it seems doubly cruel to make them suffer and die just for the sake of making our hats look pretty.

SUMMARY.

I should be kind to animals. If I have pets I should be kind to them and take good care of them. I should never injure nor kill an animal when it is not necessary.

LESSON XIV.

ONE SATURDAY.

PART I.

I haven't a very pleasant story to tell you, and I am sorry for it. It is all about a long, beautiful afternoon that I spoiled by my unkindness to my little sister. I do not like to think of those bright hours that I darkened by an unkind act.



It was Saturday afternoon. My sister and I had helped at the housework all the forenoon. We had washed dishes, swept and dusted the sitting-room, made beds, picked and shelled peas for din-

ner, set the table, and done a hundred and one things that busy children find to do in a large family. Last, and not least, we had taken care of baby Fritz, the dearest, cutest little fellow you ever saw.

I was wiping the dinner dishes which my mother was washing, when there came a knock at the door.

I ran to open it, and found my friend and schoolmate, Jessie Platt, standing there, with a nicely starched white sunbonnet on her brown head, and a paper parcel in her hand. She came in and told me that she had come to spend the afternoon with my sister Kate and me, and had brought her knitting work.

My mother told me that I might go and invite Mary Davis, a little neighbor, to spend the afternoon with us. She came back with me, and we started for the barn; for that was the nicest place in the world for a frolic and a visit, it was so cool and pleasant there. We carried our knitting work to keep company with Jessie. She always took hers when she went to visit her little friends and must always knit her "stent," which was forty times around.

We were going merrily along, our arms around each other, playing "Hipyty hop to the barber shop," when I looked around and saw my sister Alice

running and hopping along after us. I was filled with dismay. Alice was only five, and we were ten.

"Alice," I said, "run back to the house and play with the baby."

"Oh, but I want to go with you!" she said. I can see her now with her little pink sunbonnet swinging in her hand, and the sunshine in her golden hair. It was a very sober but resolute face that she turned to me.

"Go back," I said harshly.

"No," she said quietly, "I am going with you." Then all my hateful, miserable temper flamed up, and I turned and struck her. It must have been a hard blow, for my fingers tingled. She turned back without a word.

Sister Kate and Mary Davis said: "You ought to be ashamed of yourself," in one breath; and Jessie said, "I would never strike my sister Nellie, I love to have her play with me."

How mean and unhappy I felt; but I braved it out, ran on with the girls, and tried to act as gay and merry as they did; but the sunlight had suddenly gone out of the world, and I felt cold and very, very miserable.

After we reached the barn, we swung each other awhile; then we hunted the eggs; then we climbed

the ladder to the loft and jumped off into the hay in the bay.

What a happy time it might have been, but for my unkindness to my little sister. Every little while I would stop in my play to look at my hand. It seemed to me that it ached from the blow I had given her. It seemed as though I should find a red mark on it, but there wasn't any, and I suppose there was no pain in my hand. It was my conscience that made me think so.



PART II.

After awhile we grew tired of play, and sat down on the hay in the loft by a great open door, through which was pitched the hay that was brought from the fertile meadow.

We sat there for a long time, long enough for Jessie to finish her "stent." We "ran races" with our knitting work, measuring our yarn and tying a knot in it to see which would knit to the knot first. Jessie always came out ahead. I was a slow knitter, and every little while, when the girls could not see me, I looked at my hand and thought it all over, so I did not get along as fast as usual.

We told stories, too, I remember. Jessie told

about "Jack and the bean-stalk." We drew closer together as she repeated in low tones, "Fe, fi, fo, fum, I smell the blood of an Englishman." All the while she was knitting away as fast as ever.

I told about "Little Red Riding Hood," and in the most thrilling part of my story I faltered and nearly spoiled it. I do not remember the other stories.

At six o'clock mother called us to tea. We rolled up our work and ran into the house. Mother had a nice tea for us—biscuit and butter and honey. I was very fond of biscuit and butter and honey, but I did not once think of them. I looked for Alice the first thing. She was already at the table in her high chair, looking very happy. Her eyes were shining like stars.

She had had a beautiful time. A gentleman, whom we all knew and loved very much, had found her by the gate, with little Fritz, looking very sober. He had taken them into his carriage and given them a long, lovely ride, where she had seen some great farm houses, a river, and some very high hills.

After the girls had gone, Kate and I made a chair with our arms and carried her all around the yard. I did everything I could to amuse her, but I did

not once dare to say, "I am sorry—forgive me." If I had I should probably have forgotten this story long ago.

Alice went to bed very happy that night, although she looked at me many times, I fancied, with wishful eyes. The pleasant ending to an afternoon that had begun so sorrowfully brought her sweet and refreshing sleep very soon.

But I—all through the night when I awakened I was troubled; all through my life, when the memory of that time has come back to me, I have wished that I could take back that cruel blow.

J. M. BALLOU.

SUMMARY.

I should always try to treat others kindly.

I should be specially kind to all the members of my own family.

I should be very kind to my friends.

I should be grateful to those who have been kind to me, and should show my gratitude by doing kind things to them.

I should be kind to all with whom I have anything to do, even if they are not such children as I would choose for companions.

I should be kind to the unfortunate, to the ignorant, and to those who are weaker than I am.

I should treat even the wicked kindly.

I should be kind to animals.

If I have pets I should be kind to them and take good care of them.

MOTTO :

Like summer sunshine on a wintry day
Is a kind word spoken or a kind deed done
To one whose heart is sad.

BLACKBOARD EXERCISES.

I SHOULD ALWAYS TRY TO TREAT OTHERS KINDLY.

MEMBERS OF MY OWN FAMILY.

FRIENDS.

THOSE WHO HAVE BEEN KIND TO ME.

ALL WITH WHOM I HAVE ANYTHING TO DO.

THE UNFORTUNATE, THE IGNORANT AND THE WEAK.

THE WICKED.

ANIMALS.

PETS.



CHAPTER IV.

TRUTHFULNESS.

LESSON XV.

WHY CHILDREN SHOULD BE TRUTHFUL.

Teacher.—Not very far back of the old parsonage, that was my home during a good part of my childhood, was a beautiful little lake. As it was fed by many springs, which bubbled up from the rocks, the water was cool and clear. This lake was the delight of all the village boys. There were few hours of the day or evening, outside of school time, when a merry troop of boys was not to be found playing at the lake, swimming in summer, or skating in winter.

One summer the boys took special delight in frightening each other, by shouting, "I'm drowning; oh, save me!" or by just screaming in such a way as to make their friends think they were in danger.

For a time this was a great success, and a boy could bring a crowd about him, very quickly, each

one trying to save the supposed drowning boy. Then, with a shout of laughter, he would swim away, leaving his friends to get over their fright as best they could. But after a few trials of this joke it grew to be an old story, and the jokers did not get the laugh on their side as before.

One evening, this same habit came near costing one little fellow his life. He had, several times, enjoyed the fun of calling his friends to his rescue, but now he was taken with cramps, and called for help in earnest.

"You don't fool us again," answered one boy.

"You've tried that too many times," shouted another.

"We're not so green as we were," called a third. The boy was filled with a horrible fear that he would drown in the very midst of his many friends, who could save him if he could only make them understand. He called again, but feebly.

Then it was that a boy, standing on the bank, saw that his friend was really drowning. A great rush was made for him, and he was taken from the water only just in time.

Why didn't the boys try to save their friend when he first called for help?

Lucy.—Because they didn't believe him.

Teacher.—Why didn't they believe him? He was telling the truth.

Frank.—Because he had fooled them before.

Teacher.—What was the result of his not being believed, this time, when he told the truth?

Minnie.—He was almost drowned.

Teacher.—How many of you have read the story of the boy who called, "Wolf! wolf!" when there was no wolf. (All the hands came up.)

Teacher.—What happened to that boy when the wolf did come?

John.—He was killed.

Teacher.—Is it always dangerous not to be believed, when you speak the truth?

Nellie.—No, it is not always dangerous.

Teacher.—Do you think it always unpleasant?

Harry.—I think it is. I know I like to have people believe me when I say anything.

Teacher.—Now, you may tell me one reason why you should always speak the truth.

Jennie.—Because, if we tell what is not true, we shall not be believed, even when we speak the truth.

SUMMARY.

I should always try to be perfectly truthful.

If I am not truthful, I shall not be believed even when I speak the truth.

LESSON XVI.

EVIL RESULTS OF LYING.

Victor told his teacher one day that his head ached, and his throat was sore, and asked to be allowed to go home. He received permission to do so.

After he got outside, he ran off in high glee, quite delighted because he had been so successful in deceiving his teacher, and getting out of school.

But he did not find it so pleasant, after all. He was afraid to go home, and none of his friends were in the street to play with him. So he tried to steal a ride on a cart, but fell off, and had his leg broken. If he had not told a lie he would have saved himself weeks of suffering.

Julia copied her lessons, day after day, for several months. Finally, she was found out, and as she did not know what she had passed over, she had to be put back. If she had not made her ~~slate~~ lie for her, she would have been obliged to learn her lessons each day, and would not only have been saved much mortification, but she would have had much more knowledge. If she had not been found out, it would have been much worse, for she might never have learned many things that she needed to know.

Now, you may tell me another reason why you should speak the truth.

Grace.—We should speak the truth, because children who tell lies are always getting themselves into trouble.

Teacher.—James was angry with Charlie; so, when Harry lost his pencil-box, James said that Charlie had stolen it. As Charlie had one like it, the story was believed. He proved the pencil-box to be his own, but not till he had had a great deal of trouble, and been very unhappy about it. What do you think of what James did?

John.—It was mean.

Harry.—It was very wicked.

Teacher.—Is a lie always wicked?

Nellie.—I think it is.

Teacher.—You are right; it is mean, and cowardly and wicked to lie. You have told me several reasons why you should speak the truth. If you tell lies, you will not be believed when you speak the truth; you are in danger of getting into trouble, and of getting others into trouble.

But one of the very strongest reasons why you should never tell lies, is the effect that lying will have upon the one who does it. If you should let yourself get into the habit of lying, after awhile

you would hardly know how to tell the truth, you would not know the truth, and your moral nature would grow to be weak and bad.

Another reason is this: God is a God of truth, and He loves those who speak the truth.

SUMMARY.

If I tell lies I shall be in danger of making myself and others much trouble.

If I get into the habit of lying my moral nature will grow to be weak and bad.

LESSON XVII.

SINCERITY.

Teacher—Harold, Hector and Herbert went to the river to sail their boats.

“Let us have a swim,” cried Herbert.

“All right!” cried the others, and in five minutes they were in the water. The water was cold and they did not stay long.

While they were dressing, Hector said, very soberly, “I did not think about it, but father told me yesterday not to go into the water for a couple of weeks. What do you suppose he will say?”

"You are in a fix," said Herbert. "I haven't been told not to go in, but I know we ought not to have done it, for the water is too cold."

Harold said nothing, but he felt troubled, for he remembered having overheard his mother say, "Oh, I never worry about Harold, for I know he would not think of going into the river, without permission."

With sober faces the three lads walked slowly home.

Hector met his father at the door.

"Have you been in the river?" asked his father. "I saw some boys swimming, and was afraid you were one of them."

"No, sir," said Hector, "I have been sailing my boat."

"That's right, my boy," said his father. "I am glad you did not disobey me."

He would not have been so pleased if he had known the truth.

Herbert ran to his mother and cried, before she had a chance to ask a question, "Oh, mamma, Hector and I have been down to the river sailing our boats, and I wet my head too. We had lots of fun." Just as Herbert intended, his mother supposed he had told her the whole truth.

It is not at all necessary for me to tell you what these boys' parents said to them when they found out the truth, as they did, but you may tell me what you think of what the boys did. What did Hector do when he told his father that he had not been in the river?

Charlie.—He told a lie.

Teacher.—Do you think that Herbert told a lie, when he told his mother that he had sailed his boat and dipped his head into the water?

Grace.—I don't know. What he said was true.

Harry.—I don't think it was a lie.

Frank.—I think it was a lie.

Teacher.—Why? He had sailed his boat, and dipped his head into the water.

Frank.—He didn't tell all.

Nellie.—He meant to make his mother believe that he hadn't been in the river.

Teacher.—Then he meant to make her believe what was not true. Is that lying?

Tommy.—I think it is.

Teacher.—Yes. Herbert told a lie just as much as Hector did. Even if the words you speak are true, you are lying if you say them in such a way as to make some one believe what is not true.

When Harold reached home he went straight to

his mother and told her what he had done. He told her, too, how sorry he was that he had not been so trustworthy as she thought him. Which of the three boys acted in the right way?

Fred.—Harold.

Teacher.—Yes, he did right. Was it easy for him to do as he did?

John.—I don't think it was.

Teacher.—It was very hard, for he thought his mother would not trust him as she had before, if she knew what he had done. But he knew that he ought to tell her about it, so he did. Which boy was bravest?

Harry.—Harold was. The others were cowardly.

Teacher.—To-day I asked all the children who had an answer ready to a question, to raise hands. A great many hands came up. When I questioned one little girl, I found that she didn't even know what the question was. What did she do when she raised her hand.

Clara.—She told what was not true.

Teacher.—How did she tell a lie? She did not say anything.

Clara.—She told it by raising her hand.

Teacher.—It was just as much a lie as if she had told it in words. It was an acted lie.

SUMMARY.

I should never speak words that are true in such a way as to make others believe what is not true.

I should never act a lie.

LESSON XVIII.

EXAGGERATION AND TELLING AS TRUTH WHAT WE DO NOT
KNOW TO BE TRUE.

Clara said she was "almost dead" when she was really somewhat tired. Afterward, when she wanted to take a walk with a friend, she said she was not one bit tired. Did she tell the truth either time?

John.—No, ma'am.

Teacher.—At first she made her story too large, or exaggerated the truth; then she made her story too small, or diminished the truth.

One morning a boy went to his teacher and said: "Walter Clark is playing hookey to-day." Walter was in his seat at the time, so his teacher knew that the boy was wrong, but she wished to know why he had said it, so asked him why he thought so.

He answered, "I saw him going toward the bay."

"Does every boy who goes toward the bay play truant?" asked his teacher.

"No," answered the boy, "not every boy, but Wal-

ter was going crabbing, for he had his crabbing net with him."

"Well," said his teacher, "that did look a little like it, but do you know that he is playing truant because he was going toward the bay, and had his crabbing net with him?"

"No," acknowledged the boy, "I don't know it, but I think so." When his teacher told him to look around the room, he saw Walter in his seat.

Was it right for the boy to say that Walter was playing truant?

Harry.—No, it wasn't right.

Teacher.—Was it a falsehood? He thought it was true.

Frank.—I don't know, but he hadn't any right to say it.

Teacher.—I think it was a falsehood. He could truthfully have said that he thought it was so, but he couldn't truthfully say that it was so. Even if it had been true, he had no right to tell it as truth if he didn't know.

SUMMARY.

I should try not to exaggerate nor diminish the truth.

I should never tell as truth what I do not know to be true.

LESSON XIX.

PRINCE FREDERICK.

PART I.

"Fred, Fred, get up, or you will be late to breakfast!" called Fred's father, from the foot of the stairs.

"Yes, sir," answered Fred, cheerfully, "I will, right away."

It was very easy for Fred to say that, for he had not the least intention of doing what he said he would. He just turned over and took another nap. Then, when the breakfast bell rang, fifteen minutes later, he jumped out of bed, rushed into his clothes, dipped the ends of his fingers into the pitcher of water, instead of using the bowl, rubbed them across his mouth a little, caught up the towel and drew it across his face, and tossed it into the corner of the room all in a bunch. Then he went down-stairs three steps at a time, and managed to be in his seat only a few minutes behind the others.

"Did you get up when I called you, Fred?" asked his father.

"Yes, father, just a little bit after," said Fred.

Fred's mother was busy pouring coffee and attending to his little brother, and did not notice him for

some time, except to say the usual, "Good morning."

When she found time to look at him, she said gravely, "I am afraid Prince Frederick forgot to wash his face this morning."

"Oh, no, mamma," said Fred, "I didn't forget it."

His mother said nothing more, but thought he did not look as fresh and bright as he ought.

They had fish for breakfast, which reminded Fred of his fishing excursion of the day before, and he said, eagerly—

"Oh, papa, I went up the river yesterday and I caught some splendid fish. They were whoppers. Once I felt a bite, and I pulled a fellow in that was so big I could hardly manage him."

"Are those the ones I saw in the yard?" asked his father with a queer little smile.

Fred blushed a little, and said, faintly—

"Yes, sir; but I lost the biggest one overboard."

"Oh, you did!" said his father, with the same queer smile.

Fred felt a little uncomfortable. He asked to be excused and went into the yard.

"I fear Fred is getting into the habit of being not quite truthful," said his father.

"Oh, no, I think not," returned his mother. "I don't think he ever means to tell what is not true.

I am sure he is truthful at heart. He is too brave and manly a boy to have that fault."

Frederick Prince, or "Prince Frederick," as his friends had been fond of calling him ever since he had been a little fellow in dresses, was, as his mother thought, a manly boy. But, though his mother did not see it, he had gotten into the habit of stretching the truth till it quite snapped in two, or of so squeezing it up that it could scarcely be seen, or of twisting or turning it till no one would have known it. He might just as well have had the habit of lying outright.

This morning, as I said, he did feel a little uncomfortable. He didn't like the smile on his father's face. When he examined the fish in the yard they seemed a great deal smaller than he had thought they were. He made up his mind to be more careful about telling "big stories." He didn't call them lies.

Just then his cousin Linn called to him: "Going to school, Fred?"

"Yes," answered Fred, "wait till I get my books."

Pretty soon the cousins were on their way to school.

"There," exclaimed Linn, suddenly, "I've left my pencil at home. I must go back for it or I'll get a mark."

"You will be late if you do," said Fred, "and that will be worse than going without your pencil."

Fred knew very well that there was plenty of time, but he wanted his cousin's company, and did not care to go back with him.

"Nonsense," said Linn, "there's lots of time, and you know it, too. I'm going back."

Fred was a good scholar, for he learned easily and was fond of study, so he was seldom tempted to be dishonest about his lessons. But that day was Friday and review day. The spelling lesson was long and hard. There was one word that he was not quite sure that he knew. He had not missed one word during the term, and he felt as if he could not break his record now.

With one eye on his teacher, he leaned over and looked at the ~~slate~~^{paper} of the boy in front of him, then corrected the word on his own ~~slate~~^{paper}. He did not enjoy the perfect mark that he received very much. He began to feel, not only uncomfortable, but very mean.

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PART II.

Still it was not long before Fred was tempted to tell an untruth, and again he yielded to the temptation.

"Are you going fishing to-morrow, Jack?" he whispered to the friend who sat next to him.

Jack shook his head but said nothing.

The teacher saw the shake of the head, and knew that it was the answer to a question, so she looked at Fred inquiringly.

"I only asked Jack where the grammar lesson for Monday is to be," said Fred.

A bad boy, sitting near, laughed a disagreeable laugh, and Fred felt as if he were getting rather nearer to the boy's level than he cared to be.

School closed at last, and the boys rushed away, eager for the afternoon's sport.

The boy who had laughed at Fred's lie called out to him as he passed: "Are you going fishing to-morrow? I know a splendid place."

"No," answered Fred, crossly. As he fully intended to go, he added under his breath, "At least, not with you."

When Fred got home, he went into the dining-room. In a fruit dish on the sideboard were a number of beautiful peaches. Without thinking of doing any harm, he took one of them, and went to the yard and ate it.

"Fred," called his mother, "did you take one of

the peaches from the sideboard? Aunt Mary sent them over, and there were just enough for dinner, besides one, that I had saved to send to little Annie. They were from Aunt Mary's garden, and these are the first the tree has borne. She had just enough for one apiece all around."

Fred could easily enough have told the truth. It would have been all right if he had said that he had eaten one, and would go without at dinner. But lying was getting to be a habit with him, and almost before he thought, he said: "No, Mamma, I haven't touched them."

It was the first time he had told an out-and-out lie to his mother, and if she had looked in his face she would have known the truth; but she trusted him and said gravely: "I am afraid the grocer's boy took it, and I am sorry to think so, he is such an honest looking little fellow. I can't send one to Annie now."

Fred wished he could take it back. He didn't care for the peach, and he didn't like to think of the grocer's boy being blamed for his fault.

When the peaches were passed at dinner he wished he could refuse his and ask his mother to send it to Annie; but he was afraid she would suspect him if he did. Again he left the table as soon

as possible. He didn't feel much like seeing anyone, so he went to bed.

The next morning Fred woke bright and early. It was Saturday, and he was eager for the boat, the river, and the fishing. He was ready for breakfast and in his place in good time. He had forgotten, for the time, the many disagreeable things of the day before, and was bright and happy.

Breakfast was soon over, and the two boys, with lunches and fishing tackle, started off in high glee.

"If you catch a whopper to-day, be sure to bring it home," called Fred's father, as they were preparing to get into the boat.

"What did Uncle mean?" asked Linn, curiously.

"Oh, not much of anything," said Fred.

The boys rowed up the river till they reached a lovely, quiet spot with deep woods on either side.

The hours passed swiftly, for they enjoyed themselves as only boys can—fishing, roaming about in the woods, chasing squirrels, and swinging on the branches of trees.

In the afternoon Linn remembered that he had promised to do an errand for his mother before he returned home. "I must go up to Aunt Mary's with this note," he said, "and I must start right away, so as to be back in time."

"Oh bother, Linn, don't go," grumbled Fred.

"I must," returned Linn, "I promised mamma."

"Tell her you forgot it," said Fred.

"How could I? I haven't forgotten it," returned Linn, with such an indignant look, that Fred felt his face grow hot with shame.

"Well, if you must go, hurry, and I'll wait for you," said Fred.

"All right," shouted Linn, who was already well on his way.

Fred gathered leaves and with them made a very comfortable lounging place in his boat; then with a book which he had with him in his hand, stretched himself upon it and settled down to enjoy himself till his cousin should return.



PART III.

Fred had not been reading long, when he was startled by a sound in the tree above him, and looking up he saw a strange little object swinging down from the branch of the tree into his boat. The little creature was so small that it looked as though it would almost have no weight at all, yet it seemed to swing down as easily as Fred could. It



perched itself on the bow of the boat and looked at Fred. Fred was so astonished that he could not speak for awhile. At last he stammered out: "Who are you and what do you want?"

The creature took off its hat, made a low bow, and in a shrill little voice piped out, "Don't you know me? I'm the Master of Ceremonies. The rest will be along pretty soon, and I'm sure you'll know them."

"Of course he'll know us," cried another little creature, as it swung itself down into the boat and perched at the right hand of the Master of Ceremonies. Of course he'll know us, for he made every one of us."

"Made me out of whole cloth, too," added a third, who took his place at the left of the Master of Ceremonies.

Fred sat up straight and stared; he felt queerer than he had before.

After this, two birds flew into the boat, one from one bank and one from the other, and stationed themselves on the edge of the boat next to the little men.

One looked, to Fred, to be snow white and the other a light gray.

"He thinks I'm white," chirped the first, with a

little laugh, "but he'll find out that I'm not so white before he gets through looking at me."

"Yes, and he thinks I'm light gray, but I may look nearly black to him before long," chirped the second bird.

The little creatures and the birds kept coming, each making some remark as it settled itself on the edge of the boat, till there were eight beside the Master of Ceremonies.

Next to Fred, and a good deal nearer than he liked, were two very large and very black birds that leered at him and winked at each other in a way that annoyed him very much.

Last of all, with a great splattering, a fish leaped from the river over the edge of the boat and stood straight up in a most astonishing way, right in front of Fred. It was a very strange kind of fish, he thought, for sometimes when he looked at it, it seemed very large, like a giant fish, and again it seemed no larger than the fish he had caught that day.

When they had settled themselves comfortably in the boat, they all kept perfectly still and stared at Fred, till he couldn't stand it any longer, and he called out: "Who are you, anyway, and what do you want?"

At that, the little birds threw back their little heads, and opened their little bills, and the little men threw up their little black hats—for they were all dressed in black except the Master of Ceremonies—and they all laughed uproariously.

Then one of the little men gasped between his shouts of laughter, “And he doesn’t know us, after all.”

Another added, “After making every one of us,” and the birds chirped all together, “And we’ve just come home to roost.”

At that, the Master of Ceremonies—who was dressed in a splendid suit of scarlet velvet, covered with gold spangles—raised his long golden wand, and they were all perfectly silent in a flash.

“You can see! you can see!” cried he. “You thought you could get along without me, but you can’t even begin. Let me present you.”

“Most High and August Prince Frederick”——he got no further, for every one of the funny little men and the strange little birds interrupted him by shouting at the tops of their little voices: “Oh, no; oh, no; none of that; not Prince Frederick! Prince Liar; Prince Liar, if you please!”

Fred felt his face flush, but he dared not say anything.

"Very well," said the Master, "he may not be quite so well pleased with the name, but it suits him better."

"Most High and August Prince Liar, allow me to present to you your loyal subjects. These are the lies you told yesterday. Make your manners now, make your manners," he commanded, turning to the funny little men and the strange little birds. And all the funny little men raised their funny little black hats, and, together with the strange little birds, bowed very low to Fred and shouted, "Long live Prince Liar!" There was a pause after that, and all stared at Fred as if they expected him to say something. But Fred couldn't move a hand even, he was so frightened.

Then the Master of Ceremonies waved his wand towards one of the white birds and said, "Stand forth, First Lie," and the bird hopped down from the edge of the boat and stood facing Fred.

"This is the first lie you told yesterday morning."

"Yes, yes," chirped the bird, "my name is 'Yes-Sir-right-away;' you knew you didn't mean it when you said it."

"Be silent," commanded the Master, "you may retire." The bird hopped back to the edge of the

boat, and Fred noticed that its white plumage began to look tarnished.

“Stand forth, Second Lie,” cried the Master, with a wave of his wand, and the gray bird hopped down, facing Fred.

“The name of this lie is, ‘Yes-Father-just-a-little bit-after,’ ” and the gray bird bowed to Fred, and hopped back to his place, looking almost black.

“This is, ‘I-didn’t-forget-to-wash-my-face,’ ” said the Master of Ceremonies, as one of the funny little men stepped down before Fred. “Clean, isn’t it?” cried the little man, as he turned his face toward Fred.

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PART IV.

The Master of Ceremonies went on till he had presented every one of the funny little men and the strange little birds. Some way, as the ceremony of presentation went on, all the little faces grew very sober, the clothes grew blacker, and the birds darker.

When the lie of the misspelled word was presented not one word was spoken, but one of the queer little creatures brought out, from somewhere, a slate with the corrected word written on it, and held it up for Fred to see.

One of the large and very black birds that stood so uncomfortably close to Fred was the lie about the question he had asked his friend, and the other was the lie he had told his mother about the peach.

When all the others had been presented, the Master of Ceremonies waved his wand toward the fish that stood in the middle of the boat and said, with a flourish, "This is only a fish story."

"Yes," interrupted the fish with an ugly leer, and in a loud whisper, "but I'm a 'whopper.' I'm the 'whopper' you lost overboard yesterday, ha! ha!"

Then all the strange creatures stood still and stared at Fred till he felt almost frantic. He wished he could get away; but he couldn't move. He wished with all his heart, that they would leave, but they didn't move.

Finally, with a terrible effort, he cried: "If you will only go away, I'll never tell another lie in my life."

The words were scarcely out of his mouth when down from the branch above him swung another little man who gravely remarked, "I'm the lie you just told. You don't mean that. You only want to get rid of your company. You should have thought of that before you made us."

Then, all together, they shouted, "Long live Prince Liar! Long live Prince Liar! He will never tell another lie! Oh no; he will never tell another lie, ha! ha!"

"But," cried the Master of Ceremonies, with a splendid flourish of his golden wand, "we might all—"

"Wake up! wake up!" shouted a voice in Fred's ear; and, while he was wondering what would happen next, Linn pulled him by the arm, and cried, "Will you never wake up!"

Fred sat up and rubbed his eyes and said, "Are they really all gone?"

"Are who gone? What are you talking about?" cried Linn.

"I don't know," answered Fred, and he looked rather foolish.

The boys soon started for home. Fred was very silent and rowed very fast, but he thought of a great many things.

The next day he had a long, quiet, Sunday talk with his mother. He told her all about the lies he had told and all about his strange visitors in the woods. Grieved as she was at this sad story of wrong doing, she was comforted by seeing how in earnest he was in his wish to be cured of his fault.

At last she said to him, "If you really mean to change, to be Prince Frederick and not Prince Liar, mean to do your best to grow up to be a truthful, honorable man, you can do it. But you will have to fight for it. And to help you to start right, there is one hard thing that you must do to-morrow. You must tell your teacher about the spelling lesson and about what you said to Jack."

"Oh, mother," cried Fred in dismay, "I can't do that."

"I think you can, and will, if you are in earnest," said his mother, and she left him to decide for himself.

The next day Fred did tell his teacher all about it, and from that time he grew to be more and more truthful till every one who knew him came to have the most perfect confidence in his truth and honor.

SUMMARY.

I should always try to be perfectly truthful.

If I am not truthful, I shall not be believed even when I speak the truth.

If I tell lies I shall be in danger of making myself and others much trouble.

If I get into the habit of lying, my moral nature will grow to be weak and bad.

I should never speak words that are true in such a way as to make others believe what is not true.

I should never act a lie.

I should try not to exaggerate nor diminish the truth.

I should never tell as truth what I do not know to be true.

MOTTO:

Only a white lie! Don't tell it, don't tell it;

Be it even the whitest of white lies.

Only a white lie! Repel it, repel it;

It will leave a black stain on your soul; your eyes

Will lose the clear, truthful look that all prize.

BLACKBOARD EXERCISES.

I SHOULD ALWAYS TRY TO BE PERFECTLY TRUTHFUL.

IF I AM NOT TRUTHFUL, I SHALL NOT BE BELIEVED.

I SHALL MAKE MYSELF AND OTHERS TROUBLE.

MORAL NATURE.

WORDS TRUE, MEANING UNTRUE.

ACTED LIES.

EXAGGERATED AND DIMINISHED TRUTH.

KNOWING TRUTH BEFORE STATING IT.



CHAPTER V.

PROMISES.

LESSON XX.

MAKING PROMISES:

Teacher.—One day, when I was a little girl about ten years of age, I took a great basket and went to a field not far from my home, to gather elder-berries. They grew in large clusters in the corners of the rail-fence.

I had been working but a few minutes, when I was accosted by a school-mate who had come to the field for the same purpose. She was several years older than I and several inches taller.

In a very kind tone she said, "It must be hard for you to reach the highest clusters. I can reach them easily and can gather faster than you can.

If you will help me fill my basket, I will help you fill yours. We shall have time to fill both before it begins to grow dark."

I readily consented and worked with a will, so as to be sure to do my fair share.

When we had filled her basket she said, "I am going home now," and left me without another word. It was too late for me to fill my basket alone, and I went home. What do you think of that girl?

Fred.—I think she was mean.

Teacher.—Did she do right?

Nellie.—No, she did not.

Teacher.—If she didn't intend to help me, ought she to have told me that she would?

Harry.—No, ma'am; she ought not to have said she would. It was cheating.

Teacher.—After she had said she would do it, what ought she to have done?

Jennie.—She ought to have helped you.

Teacher.—What did she do when she told me she would help me fill my basket? What do you call it?

Clara.—It was a promise.

Teacher.—Is it right to make a promise that you do not intend to keep?

Harry.—It is not right.

Teacher.—Charlie was a new scholar in a school, so did not know that taking playthings to school and trading were forbidden. Frank was an old scholar and did know it. The two boys met one afternoon, after school.

Frank said to Charlie, "If you will give me your top, I will take some marbles to school for you tomorrow." Charlie gave him the top. The next day Frank took the marbles to school, but they were taken away from him, as he knew they were very likely to be. Could he keep his promise to give Charlie the marbles?

Nellie.—No, he couldn't keep it.

Teacher.—Was he to blame for not keeping it?

John.—I think he was to blame, for he knew that he might lose them.

Teacher.—What ought he to have done?

Harry.—He ought to have given the top back to Charlie.

Teacher.—I think he ought. If Charlie had known that it was forbidden, then ought Frank to have returned the top?

John.—I think not, for then Charlie would have known that he might never get the marbles.

Teacher.—What was wrong about what Frank did?

John.—He ought not to have said that he would give Charlie the marbles, at school.

Teacher.—Can you tell why?

John.—Because he wasn't sure that he could do it.

Teacher.—Ought you ever to make a promise that you are not sure you can keep.

Harry.—No, ma'am.

SUMMARY.

I should never make a promise that I do not intend to keep.

I should never make a promise that I am not very sure I shall be able to keep.



LESSON XXI.

KEEPING PROMISES.

Teacher.—Henry Pierce and James King lived in a town that was built on both sides of a river. Henry lived on one side and James on the other. The boys were fast friends. They played, and worked, and studied together.

“Henry,” said James one day, “I am afraid I shan't get my boat done in time to get any prac-

tice before the race. If I don't I shan't stand the least chance of winning. Can't you come over and help me some day this week?"

"Yes," replied Henry, "I can give you a day as well as not. In fact, I can give you two days. Don't work so hard to-morrow. I'll be over both Friday and Saturday, and we can get it done in time to try it Saturday afternoon."

On Thursday afternoon there was a freshet in the river, and it was so swollen, and the waters were so furious, that the bridge was carried away. It was impossible for Henry to cross the river, even in a boat, so he did not help his friend as he had promised. Did Henry do wrong when he broke his promise?

Teacher.—No, he did not; he was not to blame, for, when he made the promise, he had every reason to suppose that he could keep it.

✓ Mary's mother went away from home one day, and left her to take care of the baby and of the house. She had promised her mother to remain in the house all day, and not leave it on any account, and that she would take good care of everything.

Her mother had not been gone long, when Mary discovered that a little fire had been left where some boys had built a bon-fire, and that it had crept

to a stable near by. She knew that in a little while, if something were not done, the stable would be burned. There were horses in the stable which would be burned also.

She took the baby in her arms and ran to the nearest neighbor's and gave the alarm. The stable was saved, with everything it contained. Do you think that Mary did right when she broke her promise?

Fred.—I think she did, for it would have done a great deal of harm if she hadn't.

John.—Her mother didn't know this would happen when she asked her to make the promise.

Teacher.—I think she did right to break the promise.

One afternoon, when Tommy was going home from school, he fell in with a bad boy.

"Hello! Tommy," said the bad boy, "what are you going to do to-morrow?"

"Going to school, of course," said Tommy; "what do you suppose?"

"I suppose you are a little dunce if you do," said the boy. "This is splendid weaher for chestnutting."

"I can go for chestnuts Saturday," said Tommy.

"Saturday!" cried the boy; "they will all be gone by Saturday. Come, go with me to-morrow, and we will get lots of them. Nobody will ever know."

"Mamma would know if I took the chestnuts home," said Tommy.

"You needn't take them home," said the boy. "I'll take care of them for you."

Before the boys separated Tommy had promised to play truant and go chestnutting. But that night when he thought it all over; thought how he would feel if he were found out; thought how bad the boy was with whom he had promised to go; thought how wrong it would be, he changed his mind.

The next morning he kept as far as he could from the corner where he had promised to meet the bad boy, and went to school as usual. Did he do right or wrong to break his promise? What do you think, Nellie?

Nellie.—He did right to go to school. He ought not to have gone with the bad boy.

John.—I think he ought to have done as he said he would.

Teacher.—Did he do right to make the promise?

Harry.—No, but after he made it he ought to have kept it.

Nellie.—I am sure he ought not to have played truant, anyway, even if he had promised.

Fred.—I think he ought to have broken the prom-

ise, but he ought to have seen the boy and told him he wouldn't go.

Teacher.—I think that would have been right. You should never promise to do a wrong thing, but if you have made such a promise, you should certainly break it.

SUMMARY.

If I have made a promise and find, after making it, that I shall do great harm by keeping it, and no harm by breaking it, it is right for me to break it.

I should never promise to do anything that is wrong.

If I have made a promise to do anything that is wrong, I ought to break the promise.



LESSON XXII.

KEEPING PROMISES WHEN DIFFICULT.

Teacher.—You have learned about promises that you ought not to make and about promises that you can not or ought not to keep. Do you think it is ever necessary to make a promise?

Fred.—Yes, ma'am; when a man engages to do anything he has to make a promise.

John.—When a man rents a house he has to promise to pay the rent.

Teacher.—When a man has made a promise ought he to keep it?

Harry.—Yes, ma'am.

Teacher.—If a man does not keep his promise, what will be the result?

John.—No one will trust him.

Teacher.—You are right; no one would trust a man who did not keep his promises, and that would be a very serious matter. It would be impossible to do business as it is done now if people were not to be trusted when they make promises.

Do children ever have to make promises?

Nellie.—Yes, we have to promise to do right sometimes.

John.—I think we have to make a good many promises.

Teacher.—When you have made a right promise, ought you to keep it?

Nellie.—I think we ought.

Teacher.—Do you think you ought to keep a promise when it is hard to do so?

Nellie.—I think we ought.

Teacher.—Let me tell you a story about a boy who did not keep a promise.

Ralph Curtis was a fatherless boy. When he was fourteen years of age his mother allowed him to leave school and begin work. This was very hard for her, for she longed to give her only son as good an education as he would have received had his father lived.

Ralph loved school and knew how much a few more years of study would add to his happiness. But he knew how hard it was for his mother to support him and his little sisters, so he was delighted at the thought of leaving the books he loved to take his place beside her in bearing the burden of work.

After some time, Ralph heard of a place that seemed to be just what he wanted. He applied for it and was told that he could have it if he could bring the right kind of a recommendation. After being told this Ralph started toward home with a very light heart.

"Oh, mother," he cried, as he bounded into the house, "I know I shall have the place, for Mr. Congar told me I should have it if I could bring a good recommendation. Mr. Clapp will give me the best kind of a recommendation. I will go after it this

evening, for I must take it early in the morning. Mr. Congar is in a hurry to fill the place, and won't wait. There are plenty of others trying to get it."

As soon as he had eaten his dinner, Ralph hurried away to Mr. Clapp's. Charlie Clapp, who was his best friend, met him at the door. He was much pleased when he knew of his friend's good fortune. The two boys went to the library where Mr. Clapp was reading, and Ralph told his errand.

"I will give you a recommendation with pleasure," said Mr. Clapp kindly, "because I know that you deserve it. I think that this will be a good place for you. It is a good business, work that you can do well, and there will be a chance for you to rise. I can not write it just now; I fear it will be quite late before I can do it. Don't wait for it; Charlie can take it to you in the morning."

"Of course I can; I shall be glad to do it," cried Charlie. "How early do you want it?"

"I must have it as early as eight o'clock," replied Ralph, "but you needn't bring it to me, I will come for it."

"Oh, no," cried Charlie, "I will take it to you; you have a good deal to do in the morning, and I have nothing. I promise to bring it to you in time."

The next morning, with the letter placed carefully in his pocket, Charlie started to go to his friend's house, but just as he reached his own gate his uncle Charles drove up and asked him to ride. Charlie thought of his friend, thought of his promise; but he wanted the ride very much. He did so love to ride behind his uncle's beautiful horses, and he so seldom had a chance. He shut his mind to the voice of conscience, sprang into the carriage and drove away.

He was not at all happy. He couldn't help thinking of the letter in his pocket. He tried to make himself think that it wouldn't make any difference. "Surely," he said to himself, "Ralph wouldn't want me to lose so much pleasure; an hour or two can't make much difference. I will take it to him as soon as I get back." Uncle Charles wondered why the boy, who was usually so bright and full of talk, should be so sober and quiet.

Did Charlie do right when he broke his promise?

Harry.—No, ma'am; it was wrong.

Teacher.—But he didn't know about the ride when he made the promise. Didn't that make it right for him to break it?

John.—I don't think it did.

Teacher.—But he wanted to go very much. It

would have been hard for him to lose the ride. Was not that a good excuse for breaking the promise?

Nellie.—No, I am sure it was not a good excuse.

Teacher.—Do you think you ought to keep a right promise, if you can, even if it is very hard to do so?

Nellie.—Yes, I think we ought.

Teacher.—Let me tell you how this story ended. Ralph rose early on that morning and did all his work as quickly as he could. He was ready to start for Mr. Congar's place of business some time before eight o'clock, so he decided not to wait for Charlie, but to start for Mr. Clapp's at once.

"Very likely I shall meet Charlie on the way," he said to himself, "but I shall have plenty of time even if I do not." He was a little surprised when he did not meet him nor find him anywhere about the place when he reached it.

He found Mrs. Clapp, told her what he wanted, and asked for Charlie. He was very much surprised when she told him that she had seen Charlie drive away with his uncle less than a quarter of an hour before. She supposed that he had attended to the letter before he started.

"Perhaps they have driven to our house," said Ralph, "though I don't see how I could have missed them if they have."

"I think not," said Mrs. Clapp, "for they drove the other way."

"I don't know what to make of it," said Ralph, "but I am sure he will be there with it, because he promised me he would. I'll go right back. I hope I won't be late."

He hurried home feeling much troubled, but found that Charlie was not there and had not been there.

The next two hours seemed like weeks to the boy, and when Charlie came and gave his miserable excuse, Ralph felt as if he could never forgive him.

He rushed away to Mr. Congar's with the recommendation, only to be told, as he had feared he would be, that he was too late. The place had been filled by a boy who was "on time."

Poor Ralph! he felt as if all the brightness had gone out of the world.

When Charlie knew the result of his wrong doing, he, too, was very unhappy. He went to his father, told him the whole truth and begged him to get another place for Ralph. This he did in time, but it did not make up to Ralph for his disappointment.

Ralph forgave Charlie and they were again friends, but Charlie could not forgive himself for the wrong he had done his friend. It made him very careful about keeping his promises.

A broken promise does not always cause so much trouble as this one did. You can see the wrong in this case. But what do you think of the little promises that you make? Is it wrong to break such promises?

Fred.—I think it is wrong.

Teacher.—Yes, it is wrong. There are many reasons why you should keep your promises beside the danger of doing harm by breaking them. You must keep your promises if you wish to be trusted. You should keep them so as to get the habit of being trustworthy. It will hurt you to break a promise, whether it hurts anyone else or not.

SUMMARY.

When I have made a right promise I should always try my best to keep it, even if it is very hard to do so.

LESSON XXIII.

THE BOY WHO KEPT HIS PROMISE.

PART I.

Paul was absent from school—Paul, the faithful; Paul, the punctual. I asked many questions, but could find out nothing about him.

When Saturday came, I sought out the little cottage on the outskirts of the town, where Paul and his father lived alone. As I had feared, the boy had been sick. He was about the house now, and eagerly assured me that he would be well enough to go to school the next Monday.

Paul told me the story that I will repeat for you. He told it a little at a time, in answer to my questions, and in a matter-of-fact way that showed very plainly that he had no idea he had done anything more than anybody would have done under the same circumstances. He surely did not think himself a hero, whatever you or I may think of him.

"You remember the blizzard last week?" said Paul. I certainly did, for even in this land of blizzards, the one of the week before had been one to be remembered. "Well," went on Paul, "I was out in it, and that is the way I got sick. Father, you know, works on the railroad. Perhaps you have heard that there have been wreckers about lately.

"A couple of miles from here the railroad crosses a stream. There are woods by the stream, and it is a rough, wild place. The railroad men thought that wreckers were hiding in the woods, and they were afraid they might come out when the night-expresses passed along; so they told father to watch

every night last week till after the express trains passed, each way, safely.

“There is a little log house in the woods where some folks once lived—I think they must have been pretty poor folks, for it is a mean, little place. Father has a bed and a stove in the hut. Every evening he went there and stayed till most time for a train to come along, and then went out and looked all along the track to see that everything was all right. Nearly every night I went with him, and slept in the hut till he was through for the night and ready to come home.

“Last week, Friday, when I came home from school, father had supper all ready for us. We ate it, and then got ready to start.

“Just then, father remembered that Jack Nesturn had borrowed his overcoat, and had not brought it back. Father said it wouldn’t be safe for him to spend so many hours on the prairie, as he would have to, without an overcoat, for it was bitter cold and growing colder every minute.

“We waited awhile for Jack, and then father said he couldn’t wait any longer, for the eastern bound way-train would be along by the time he could get to the woods and look around.

“So I told him that I would wait for Jack and run

on after him with the overcoat. I thought, like as not, Jack would get here pretty soon, and then I could run and catch him. Father was afraid that if Jack didn't come soon, I might fall asleep, and not wake up enough to remember the overcoat; but I promised him I would surely take it.

"After he left I was lonesome, but I tidied up the room, and studied my lessons a little, and played with the cat."

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PART II.

"It was almost two hours before Jack came, and by that time it was as dark as pitch; the wind had begun to blow, and it was snowing, too.

"Jack said we would have a blizzard before morning. He didn't seem to care a bit about the overcoat. He told me I had better hurry up, or I might get caught in the blizzard and never get to the hut in the woods.

"When I started out it was freezing cold, and the wind blowing like anything. I thought for a minute that I wouldn't go; I thought likely father might have something in the hut that he could wrap up in. Then I remembered that he would expect me, and that I had promised; so of course I must go, storm or no storm.

"I fastened the overcoat on my back by putting the sleeves around my neck and tying them in front. Then I took the lantern and started out. It was so wild that I was a little scared.

"Oh, I knew the way well enough; I couldn't get lost, for that fence that you see out there leads right to the railroad, about half a mile from here; and once I struck the railroad I could follow it up.

"No, I wasn't very cold. I had to work so hard, walking against the wind, that I was warm enough. I froze my hands and feet a little, though," and the boy showed me his hands, which had been badly frost-bitten.

"When I got to the railroad I did want to come back, I was so tired; but I had promised, you know, so I couldn't. I rested a little, though. I wrapped myself up in father's coat and lay down by the fence. I felt just as if I should like to stay there always, it was so nice.

"Pretty soon I began to get so sleepy, that I didn't dare lie there any longer; so I got up, and took up my lantern, and went on.

"I wasn't cold, but I was so tired that I was afraid I should fall down before I could get to father. The snow cut my face and it was hard work to breathe. I had to stop and rest two or three times before I

got to the woods; but I didn't dare rest long, for fear I should go to sleep and not get the overcoat to father, after all.

"After awhile I got to the edge of the woods. It was not storming quite so hard then, and it was not so dark as it had been, so I could see a little better.

"I was pretty sure that father had just been over that part of the road and was going back to the hut, for I could see the least little bit of light moving along.

"After a little while I heard the express train coming in back of me, and then I knew that he had been down to see that the track was all right for it to pass along. I thought by the spark of light that he was on the bridge that crosses the stream.

"I thought I would lie down and rest till the train passed. I wrapped up again, and I covered up the lantern, so that the train men shouldn't see it and think something was wrong.

"You know I told you that it wasn't storming quite so hard for awhile then, and I could see a little. There was a moon, and it would have been a bright night if it hadn't been for the storm.

"Just then—would you believe it?" and Paul's eyes looked very big and bright when he came to this

part of the story, "would you believe it, ma'am, two men came from behind some trees, and did something to the track, and then ran back to the trees again.

"I suppose they had been so busy watching father's lantern that they hadn't seen mine. I didn't see them very plain; they looked like two shadows against the snow, but I guessed what they were doing.

"I didn't know what to do," went on the boy earnestly, "I knew it wouldn't do any good to call, for father couldn't hear me anyway. I was afraid to run after him—for the men might catch me and kill me. Anyway, if I got away from them, and ran to father, it would be too late to do any good, for the train was getting pretty near.

"So I just kept the big coat wrapped around the lantern, and ran on the road toward the train. The men didn't see me, I guess—anyway, they didn't run after me.

"When I got almost to the train I dropped the overcoat, and ran toward it, waving my lantern as hard as I could. The train men saw it and stopped. They fixed the track and went on, all right.

"You see, ma'am," said the boy, in ending his story, "if I hadn't promised father to take the coat

to him, the train would have been wrecked, and perhaps lots of folks killed."

I, myself, saw that if he hadn't kept his promise, like the little hero that he was, many lives might have been lost. Paul didn't seem to think of that at all.

But Paul had done something that winter's night besides saving the train. He had kept his word when it was very hard to do it, and had thus done much towards making himself what he afterwards became, a strong, true man, whose word was always trusted by those who knew him. From that time until now he has been known by his friends as, "Paul, the Promise-Keeper."

SUMMARY.

I should never make a promise that I do not intend to keep.

I should never make a promise that I am not very sure I shall be able to keep.

If I have made a promise and find, after making it, that I shall do great harm by keeping it and no harm by breaking it, it is right for me to break it.

I should never promise to do anything that is wrong.

If I have made a promise to do anything that is wrong, I ought to break the promise.

When I have made a right promise, I should do my best to keep it, even if it is very hard to do so.

MOTTO :

A promise is a sacred thing,
Be not in haste to make it;
But, when a promise you have made,
Be sure you do not break it.

BLACKBOARD EXERCISES.

MAKING PROMISES NOT INTENDING TO KEEP THEM.

MAKING PROMISES THAT CAN NOT BE KEPT.

WHEN RIGHT TO BREAK PROMISES.

PROMISING TO DO WRONG.

WRONG PROMISES SHOULD BE BROKEN.

KEEPING PROMISES EVEN WHEN DIFFICULT.



CHAPTER VI.

CONSCIENCE.

LESSON XXIV.

WHAT IS CONSCIENCE?

Teacher.—This morning, when coming to school, I passed a merry group of children. Among them were two who were brother and sister. The little girl was playing with a return ball. Suddenly the cord broke, and the ball hit the boy a sharp blow. With a look of sorrow, the girl ran to her brother to comfort him. Without waiting to hear a word, the boy doubled up his fist and struck her full in the face. Just then they spied me looking at them. How do you suppose the boy looked? Willie may tell.

Willie.—I think he looked sorry.

Teacher.—He ought to have looked sorry, but he didn't, for he was still angry.

Harry.—I think he looked mad.

Teacher.—Yes, he looked angry, but there was another look in his face beside anger.

Minnie.—I think he looked ashamed.

Teacher.—You are right. Fred may tell me why he was ashamed.

Fred.—Because you saw him.

Teacher.—Even if no one had seen him, wouldn't he have been ashamed if he had stopped to think?

Lucy.—I think he would.

Teacher.—Perhaps John can tell me why he was ashamed.

John.—He was ashamed because he knew he had done wrong.

Teacher.—You are right; but how did he know that what he had done was wrong?

Jennie.—Perhaps his mother had told him never to strike his sister.

Teacher.—Very likely. If no one had told him so, would he have felt ashamed?

Harry.—I think he would not.

Jennie.—I don't know.

Fannie.—He would have felt ashamed anyway, for he must have known that it was mean to hit her.

Teacher.—How would he have known that it was wrong, if no one had ever told him?

Jennie.—He would think it in his heart.

Teacher.—Yes, but what would make him “think it in his heart?”

Nellie.—I know; it was his conscience.

Teacher.—What is conscience? Harry may tell.

Harry.—It is something that tells us when we have done wrong.

Teacher.—Does it tell you when you have done right?

Harry.—I think it does.

Teacher.—In the story that I told you the little girl hurt her brother before he struck her. Do you think she was ashamed of hurting him?

Nellie.—No; but I think she was sorry.

Teacher.—Why was she not ashamed? All tell.

Children.—Because she didn't mean to do it.

Teacher.—If she had thrown the ball carelessly, without looking to see whether or not it was in danger of hitting him, and in that way had hit and hurt him, would she have felt ashamed?

Nellie.—I think she would have felt a little ashamed.

Teacher.—As it was, she was not careless and she did not intend to do any harm, it was entirely an accident; so her conscience did not tell her that she had done wrong.

The boy did not seem to be at all ashamed until

he saw that I was looking at him. Do you suppose his conscience told him not to strike his sister before he did it?

Harry.—I think it did, but he didn't listen to it.

Teacher.—When is the right time to listen to conscience, before or after you have performed an action?

Nellie.—Before we do things.

Teacher.—Will your conscience always tell you what is right and what is wrong for you to do?

Jennie.—I think it will.

Teacher.—It has been said that conscience is the voice of God in the soul, teaching us what is right and what is wrong. If you are not perfectly sure whether or not an action is right, you can ask some one, your parents, or some one else who is older and wiser than you, to help you. You must never try to make your conscience tell you that something that is wrong is not wrong just because it is the thing you want to do. You must be honest with your conscience, then it will grow to be trusted more and more all the time.

SUMMARY.

Conscience is the voice within me, telling me what is right and what is wrong.

LESSON XXV.

OBEYING CONSCIENCE.

Teacher.—Roger and Mabel Kent lived in a little village and attended school at the Village Academy.

One afternoon, when they went home from school, they found no one at home and a little note lying on the dining-room table telling them that their mother had been suddenly called away to visit a sick child.

“That is just the way it always is,” grumbled Roger, “if anybody is sick, mother is sure to be sent for. I hate to come home and not find mother here.” When the children went to the kitchen they felt more unhappy than ever. The dinner dishes were unwashed, the kitchen floor unswept.

“Mother must have left in a hurry,” said Roger, as he gazed about the usually orderly room.

“I am afraid Mrs. Poor’s baby is very sick,” said Mabel.

“What are you going to do about it?” asked Roger.

“Do!” said Mabel, “I shall take my new story book and get into the hammock and read till mother comes home.”

“It strikes me it would be a good plan for you to wash the dishes,” said Roger. “Mother will be tired enough when she comes home, without hav-

ing all this work to do; it is a long walk to Mrs Poor's and back. If you will do it, I will help you."

"I don't want to," said Mabel, "I want to read;" and she took her book and settled herself in the hammock. Mabel's conscience told her that she was being very selfish and unkind, but she closed her ears to its voice and would not listen.

"Selfish! I must say!" growled Roger. "Well! I won't do it all alone, Miss Mabel; it isn't boy's work any way," and in a very discontented mood he loitered out into the street.

"Hello! Jim," he called to a boy who was passing, "where are you going?"

"To the grove," answered Jim, "do you want to go along?"

Roger didn't answer, but started with Jim toward the grove. When they had gone a little way, Jim took some cigars from his pocket, offered one to Roger and began to light one for himself.

"I don't smoke, thank you," said Roger.

"You are a baby," said Jim.

"I'm not a baby, and you'd better not say so again," cried Roger.

I don't know what would have happened next, had not Roger's conscience told him, in a very loud tone, that he was doing wrong. He didn't close

his ears to its voice as his sister had done; he just turned around and ran home as fast as ever he could. When he reached home he tried once more to get his sister to do her share of the work, but in vain.

"I'll do what I can, anyway," he said to himself, as he returned to the kitchen. He built a fire and put some water on the stove to heat, swept the kitchen and put it in order. He looked at the dishes, and said to himself, "Mabel is as mean as she can be. I'll ask her again." When he reached the hammock he found it empty. He called his sister, but received no answer, and he went back to the kitchen.

"Washing dishes isn't boy's work, but being good to mother is, and I guess a boy who can stand at the head of his class in school can wash a few dishes. I'll try it anyway. I don't want to do it any more than Mabel does, but I won't be so mean as to leave all this work for mother."

Just then Roger thought of the new kite that he had finished the evening before and hadn't tried yet. He knew that if he washed the dishes he would have no time to fly it that day; but Roger was used to obeying his conscience and it made him strong to do what he thought was right now. He had finished the last dish before his mother

came, and he was fully rewarded for all his self-denial by the pleased look that came into her tired face when she saw what he had done.

What do you think of Roger, children?

Nellie.—He was a good boy.

Teacher.—When Jim asked him to smoke, why didn't he do it?

Fred.—Because he knew it was wrong.

John.—Because his conscience told him not to do it.

Teacher.—Ought you always to obey your conscience?

Harry.—Yes, ma'am.

Teacher.—What if your conscience tells you to do something that you dislike very much to do, ought you to obey it then?

Nellie.—I think we ought.

Teacher.—Was it easy for Roger to do all the work that he did?

Fred.—I think it was hard.

Teacher.—Was it manly?

Harry.—I don't know.

Teacher.—Isn't it always manly to do kind things for your mothers?

James.—Yes, ma'am, it is.

Teacher.—If Roger kept right on obeying his con-

science every day as he did that day, what kind of a man would he make?

Harry.—A good man.

Teacher.—I think he would make a very good man. Do you suppose that Jim's conscience told him that he ought not to smoke?

Fred.—I think not. Some boys just as lief smoke as not.

John.—I think that, come right down to it, they know it is wrong, but they don't think about it at all.

Teacher.—I think so, too. Do you suppose that all boys would feel as Roger did about the work?

John.—Most boys wouldn't think about it at all.

Teacher.—I fear they wouldn't; that is because they are not in the habit, as Roger was, of obeying their consciences. If you wish to be wide-awake to the voice of conscience so as to know just what you ought to do all the time, you must listen to it and obey it. You ought to begin doing that right away, if you haven't already. If you do you will be surprised at the many things that it will tell you to do that you haven't thought of before. It will be very hard at first, because it will tell you to do so many things that you dislike; but you will grow after awhile to want to do the things that it tells you are right.

SUMMARY.

Before I perform any action I ought to listen to my conscience so as to know whether what I wish to do is right or wrong, and then I should do what it says is right. I ought to obey my conscience always, even when it tells me to do something that is very hard to do.

By so doing I shall keep myself awake to its voice, and shall always hear it, clear and strong.

If I form a habit of listening to my conscience and obeying it I shall grow up to be good and true.



LESSON XXVI.

HAPPINESS IN OBEYING CONSCIENCE—SELF EXAMINATION.

Teacher.—In the story of Roger and Mabel Kent, did Mabel's conscience tell her what she ought to do?

Nellie.—Yes, ma'am.

Teacher.—What did Mabel do about it?

Nellie.—She wouldn't listen to it.

Fred.—She wouldn't mind it.

Teacher.—Mabel did what she wanted to do, not what she knew she ought to do. Isn't that the way a good many boys and girls do? Don't they just ask themselves what they want to do, instead of asking what they ought to do?

John.—I think they do.

Teacher.—If Mabel kept right on refusing to listen to and obey her conscience, would she grow up to be a good, noble, unselfish woman?

John.—No, ma'am.

Teacher.—Do you remember that when Roger went to the hammock to ask his sister again to do her part of the work, but she was not there? Let me tell you where she had gone. She grew tired of her story after awhile, the more quickly because her conscience was troubling her, and decided to go to the house of one of her schoolmates.

This she knew was wrong; for, not only had she been many times forbidden to go away from home without permission, but she had been specially forbidden to go to this little girl's house, because she was a naughty, untruthful child. Do you think she enjoyed her visit with the little girl?

Jennie.—I think not.

Teacher.—No, she did not; she was very unhappy, and she did not stay long. Why was she unhappy?

Nellie.—Because she was doing wrong.

Teacher.—Is one always unhappy when doing wrong?

Jennie.—Yes, ma'am.

Teacher.—When evening came, how do you think Roger felt?

John.—He was happy.

Teacher.—And Mabel, how did she feel?

Nellie.—Very unhappy.

Teacher.—Are you sure? Roger had spent the whole afternoon doing disagreeable work, and Mabel had spent it doing exactly as she chose. Are you sure that Roger was happy and Mabel unhappy?

Nellie.—Yes, I am sure.

Teacher.—Does it always make you happy to do right, and unhappy to do wrong?

John.—I think it does.

Nellie.—I am sure it does.

Teacher.—Now, when it was all over, what did Roger's conscience tell him?

Fred.—It told him that he had done right.

Teacher.—What did Mabel's conscience tell her?

Harry.—It told her that she had done wrong.

Teacher.—Would it do any good for Mabel to listen to her conscience, now, after she had disobeyed it?

Nellie.—I think not.

Fred.—Perhaps she could do something for Roger to make up for not helping him before.

Jennie.—Perhaps she wouldn't do such things again, if she felt sorry about it.

Jessie.—She could tell her mother, and say she was sorry, and promise to do right next time.

Teacher.—What do you think now, Harry? Is it of any use to listen to conscience after you have done wrong?

Harry.—Yes, it is of some use.

Teacher.—Every evening you ought to think over every action of the day, and, if you find that you have done anything wrong, do what you can to make it right. It is right to listen to your conscience during the day, while you are working, and studying, and playing; but it is also right to look back, each evening, over the day, to see how you have spent it.

SUMMARY.

If I obey my conscience I shall be happy.

If I disobey it I shall be unhappy.

Every evening I should think over the actions I have performed during the day.

If my conscience tells me that I have done anything wrong, I should undo it, if I can.

If I cannot undo it, I should confess it, and resolve not to do the same thing again.



LESSON XXVII.

MARGARET AND HER CONSCIENCE.

PART I.

A great many years ago, the northern part of New York State was one vast wilderness. In the midst of this wilderness, not far from the St. Lawrence river, stood a log house. In this house lived the little girl, who spent one long, unhappy day, because she did not obey her conscience.

You must not think that, because little Margaret lived in a log house, her parents were very poor, or that she was a forlorn, uncared-for little girl. If you could have had one long look at the inside of the house, you would have known better.

On one side of the room that was a parlor, dining-room and kitchen, all in one, was a great open fireplace, with its brass andirons—for you must know that at this time there were very few stoves in this country.

Near the fireplace was a bookcase, full of fine books; and papers and magazines were lying about on tables and stands, as if they were used to being read. Besides this, there was an air of brightness and comfort about everything within and without the house.

One day, a family that had just come from Scotland to make a new home for themselves in the wilderness, and who had never been in a new country, or seen a log house before, exclaimed, on seeing the outside of this one, "Surely, beggars must live in such a place."

But when they drove through the yard, to reach their own home, and saw through the open door, the pretty room, and the tea-table, set with its snow-white linen and bright dishes, they changed their

minds, and cried with delight, "We are mistaken. Surely princes must live here."

You may be sure that the children of the household loved their home dearly, loved the grand river beside it, loved the meadows. and orchards, and wheat fields.

But better than anything else, in or about the house, little Margaret loved the great old clock that stood in the living-room. Often and often, when the other children were playing in the sunshine, she would steal in, and stand before it, and watch its slow-moving hands, and listen to its solemn ticking.

Her father had often told her that if she would listen closely, she could hear what the clock said to her, and that she would be sure to hear it say, "Do right, little girl; do right; do right." It was through her love for this old clock, with its solemn voice, that the child was tempted to the act that made her miserable for a day.

It was in midsummer. The father and mother were away from home, and the children were left to take care of themselves and the house.

"Let us go to the barn," cried Clarence, after they had watched the father and mother out of sight, "and play hide-and-seek."

"I think it is nicer in the house," said Margaret.

"But," urged Clarence, "the colt, and the calves, and the ducks and chickens are in the barn, and it won't be so lonesome there."

"Yes," said the older sister, "but some one might come, while we were there, and we wouldn't know."

"Some Indians might come," said Clarence, "so perhaps we ought to stay here."

The children had no fear of the Indians who sometimes came to the house to sell brooms and baskets, or to barter them for a piece of salt pork from the pork barrel; but they felt that they ought to be present to receive any one who might chance to come. So they decided on games that would not take them from the front yard.

They grew tired of playing, after awhile, and the older ones settled to their books; the two-year-old baby fell asleep on his blanket in the shade of the great maple tree.

Then it was that Margaret, too young to care much for books, too old to take a nap with the baby, took her station before the old clock, to watch it and hear it talk to her.

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PART II.

This clock was very different from any that you have ever seen, I am sure. It had no frame around

it, no glass over its face. It stood on strong brackets that were fastened on the wall. The weights were large and heavy, and when run down hung nearly to the floor. The wheels were all wooden wheels, and the pendulum hung within easy reach of a small child's hands. The face had a second hand, and a hand to mark the days of the month. In large letters, on the face, were the words, R. Whiting, Winchester, Conn.—probably the name and home of the maker.

Margaret soon grew tired of looking at the clock, and began to think how much she would like to take hold of the leaden cones fastened to the cords, and draw them down to see the weights go up. She wondered why pulling those small weights down, drew the large ones up. She thought she would like to touch the swinging pendulum.

She took one step nearer to the clock, and was startled by hearing it say, "Do right, little girl; do right; do right."

"Well, I haven't done anything naughty, have I?" exclaimed the child, with a start, as she stepped back and looked up at the face of the clock.

Then she was sure she heard the clock say in a softer voice, "That's right, little girl; that's right; that's right." If she had only listened to her con-

science, which was speaking to her through the voice of the clock, and turned away from the temptation then, she would have saved herself a good many hours of unhappiness.

But she wanted very much at least to put her hands upon the shining ball of the pendulum.

So she looked at the face and said, "Pooh! you're a cross-patch, and you don't know anything about it, anyway. Mother never told me not to touch you." Still the clock kept saying, "Do right; do right."

"I won't hurt you, the least little bit," she cried. "I'll just touch you, the softest little touch," and she went close up to it, and put her hand upon the pendulum. It felt cold and smooth. Then she wondered if she could make it swing a little faster. So she gave it a push, and was quite delighted with the result. She pushed it again, a little harder than before.

But this time a dreadful thing happened. With a sharp, quick sound, that seemed to Margaret like a cry of anger, the pendulum stood still. The silence that followed was awful to the child. The clock, that she had never, in her life, known to do such a thing, stopped.

She felt as if she had murdered it. What could she do! Neither father nor mother was there to

help her, and she dared not tell her brothers or sister. How could she undo the thing that she had done? Her conscience spoke louder than ever, and told her that she knew that she was doing wrong all the time, just as well as if her mother had told her many times not to do what she had done.

Margaret could think of but one thing to do. She went to another part of the room, and knelt down and prayed to the good Father in heaven to make the clock go again. Then she went to see if her prayer had been answered, but it had not. Oh, how she wished she had let it alone. She prayed again, and again looked for the answer to her prayer. And so she spent all the long hours of the rest of that bright day in praying and looking to see if her prayer had been answered.

The end of the day brought the father and mother home. The older children had learned that the clock had stopped, though they did not know the cause. They rushed out to tell what had happened.

"The clock stopped!" exclaimed the father, in surprise, "surely I wound it last evening. I have never forgotten it. Let me take a look at it." Margaret was by his side, watching his face very closely while he made the examination.

"Very strange," he repeated; then, as if a thought

had suddenly struck him, he said, "I fear some one has been meddling."

Just then he looked down into Margaret's face, and, guessing by the distress in it, who the meddler was, said kindly, "Was it you, Margaret?"

"Yes, father," she said, "I just touched it a little bit; I didn't mean to hurt it. Oh, father, is it dead? Won't it ever tick any more?"

Her father felt inclined to smile at her thought, but he saw how unhappy she was, and said gently, "No, dear, it is not dead. You did very wrong, for though you did not mean to hurt it, you did mean to touch it; and you knew you ought not to do that." Then he set the clock, and started it, and it began ticking away as gravely as ever.

Margaret seldom looked at the clock after that without thinking of the day when she disobeyed her conscience, and was so very miserable. Many times the memory of that day helped her to do right, when she was sorely tempted.

SUMMARY.

Conscience is a voice within me, telling me what is right and what is wrong.

Before I perform any action I ought to listen to my conscience, so as to know whether what I wish

to do is right or wrong, and then I should do what ~~it~~ says is right.

I ought to obey my conscience always, even when it tells me to do something that is very hard to do.

By so doing I shall keep myself awake to the voice of conscience, and shall always hear it, clear and strong.

If I form a habit of listening to my conscience and obeying it I shall grow up to be good and true.

If I obey my conscience I shall be happy.

If I disobey it I shall be unhappy.

Every evening I should think over what I have done during the day.

If my conscience tells me that I have done anything wrong, I should undo it, if I can. If I can not undo it I should confess it and resolve not to do the same thing again.

MOTTO:

Though the voice of conscience leadeth—
Now through trial, now through sadness,
Listen when that soul-voice pleadeth;
It will lead through grief to gladness.

BLACKBOARD EXERCISES.

WHAT IS CONSCIENCE?

LISTENING TO CONSCIENCE.

OBEYING CONSCIENCE.

KEEPING AWAKE TO CONSCIENCE.

HABIT OF LISTENING AND OBEYING.

OBEDIENCE TO CONSCIENCE BRINGS HAPPINESS.

DISOBEDIENCE TO CONSCIENCE BRINGS UNHAPPINESS.

THINKING OVER ACTIONS OF THE DAY.

UNDOING WRONG.

CONFESSION.



CHAPTER VII.

DUTIES TOWARD GOD.

LESSON XXVIII.

LOVE AND GRATITUDE TOWARD GOD AS CREATOR AND FATHER.

Teacher.—At the dawning of the day Sydney's mamma took her way to the garden, there to watch the rising sun. The sky was brilliant with color. The air was soft, and cool, and sweet with the perfume of fruits and flowers. The music of birds and insects was all about her.

Presently, Sydney came into the garden. He skipped gayly down the garden walk. He watched the beautiful clouds. He listened to the songs of the birds. He gathered fruit from the trees, and roses from the bushes. He was so filled with happiness that he laughed gleefully. He sat down by his mother's side, and began to eat the fruit he had gathered.

Just then, Sydney saw a beggar child standing



outside the garden gate, and looking into the garden, longingly. The happy boy inside the garden

looked at the unhappy one outside, and his heart was filled with pity, his eyes with tears.

"May I give some of my fruit to the boy?" he asked.

"I think you may," said his mamma, "but, tell me first, to whom does the fruit belong?"

"It is my own," said Sydney. "Papa told me, last evening, just how much I might gather and eat, this morning."

"Then you may give some to the boy, if you wish," said his mamma, "but, remember, you must do without the part you give away. You must not gather more to make up for it. It must be your own gift."

"Very well," cried Sydney, eagerly, "I will give him half;" and he quickly divided his fruit into two equal parts and took one to the ragged beggar boy. In a moment he was back, his cheeks flushed, his eyes flashing.

"The selfish fellow didn't once stop to say 'thank you,'" he cried angrily; "he just grabbed the fruit and ran away as fast as he could, stuffing it into his mouth as he ran."

"Did you give it to him for the sake of being thanked?" asked his mamma.

"No; of course not," said Sydney, "I gave it to him because I wanted him to have it; but I think he

might have thanked me for it. He didn't even look at me; he just grabbed the fruit and ran off."

"He certainly ought to have thanked you, Sydney," said his mamma; "but are you sure that you never act as the beggar boy did?"

"I am sure of it, mamma," cried Sydney. "Why! I wouldn't be so rude. Besides that, I love the people who do kind things for me so much, that I want to thank them. I thanked papa yesterday when he said I might have the fruit. I always thank Uncle George when he gives me presents, and everyone else who is kind to me—I am sure I do."

"Listen to me for a moment, my son," said his mamma. "You were up very early this morning because you were so alive with glad health and strength that you could sleep no longer.

"The dawning, too, was beautiful, and you hastened to enjoy it. You thought of the fruits and flowers in the garden, and you hastened to gather them.

"Who gave you your health? Who gave you the parents who care for you? Who made the flowers, and fields, and clouds, beautiful, to give you pleasure? Who made the birds with sweet music in their throats to fill you with joy? Can you tell me, Sydney?"

"Yes, mamma," said the boy, "it was God."

"Have you thanked Him, my boy, for all these gifts, and many more that I have not named?"

"No, mamma," said Sydney, in a low voice, "I didn't think of it."

"So," said his mamma, "you just 'grabbed' the pleasures, and did not think to be thankful. Don't you think that you should love the Giver of all these gifts so much that you would want to thank Him?"

What do you think was Sydney's answer to his mother's question?

Jessie.—I think he said that he ought to love God.

Teacher.—Do you think that you ought all to love God and to remember to be grateful to Him for his good gifts to you?

Nellie.—I think we ought.

Teacher.—You are right. God made you and placed you in this beautiful world. He gave you parents and friends to care for you while you are little, helpless children. In the prayer which you repeat in the morning what do you call God?

Harry.—Our Father, who art in heaven.

Teacher.—God is a kind Father to you. No matter how much your father and mother may love you, they cannot love you as God does. Surely you ought

to love God and be grateful to Him for all his kindness to you. You should thank Him each day for his kind care over you.

SUMMARY.

God made me and placed me in this beautiful world. He is my kind Father in heaven. He loves me and keeps me alive. I ought to love Him and to thank Him each day for all his goodness to me.

LESSON XXIX.

GOD'S HELP.

Teacher.—If you were to say to yourselves some morning, “I will try all day to-day to do exactly right; I will try not to have one wrong thought nor do one wrong thing;” do you think when the day passed and evening came and you looked back over the day, that you would find that you had kept your resolve and had done exactly right, all day? What do you think, Nellie?

Nellie.—I think we would.

John.—I am not sure, but I think we would be pretty apt to forget, before the day was over.

Teacher.—I fear that Nellie is wrong, and that John is right. You might succeed in being very good, but I fear you would fail of doing exactly right even for one day. Is it easy to do right, Nellie?

Nellie.—Sometimes it is and sometimes it is very hard.

Teacher.—Yes, often it is very hard. Even when you are trying your best to do right you will fail again and again, but you must not be discouraged, you must keep right on trying. You are weak and can not do right in your own strength; but there is One who will give you strength if you ask Him. Who is it?

Jessie.—It is God.

Teacher.—God loves you, and because He loves you He wants you to do right. We know this, because He has given each of you a conscience that tells you what is right and what is wrong—that makes you happy when you do right and unhappy when you do wrong.

Sin is a very terrible thing. Your soul will live after your body dies, and every time you do a wrong thing you injure your soul. If you ask God to forgive you for wrong-doing and help you to do right, he will do it.

Sometimes you try very hard to do right, and no

one seems to notice it at all. You feel discouraged, and think that it is of no use to try. Who looks right down into your heart and sees every time you try to do right?

Jennie.—God does.

Teacher.—Does He see when you do wrong, too—even when no one else knows anything about it?

Fred.—Yes, he sees everything.

Teacher.—Remember that, when you are tempted to do wrong, and you will fear to do it. Remember that God loves you, and wants you to do right, and that he knows every time you do right and every time you do wrong. When you have done wrong ask God to forgive you and to help you not to do wrong again.

SUMMARY.

God loves me, and because He loves me He wants me to do right.

God sees my heart, and knows when I do right and when I do wrong.

This ought to make me love to do right and fear to do wrong.

My soul will live forever, and every time I do wrong I injure my soul.

I can not do right in my own strength; but if I ask God to help me He will do it. When I have done wrong I ought to ask God to forgive me.

LESSON XXX.

SHOWING LOVE TO GOD BY BEING GOOD AND DOING GOOD.

Teacher.—There was once a great man who lived in a beautiful palace. He was rich and powerful. He was good, also, and loved to make every one happy.

There was a poor boy who lived near the great man's palace. The boy's parents died, and then he was not only poor—he was homeless and friendless.

The rich man learned about the boy and pitied him. And because he pitied him he had him clothed and fed and sent him to school.

The boy's heart was filled with gratitude, and he begged to be allowed to do something for the kind man who had done so much for him.

The great man said to him, "You can do nothing for me. I am rich and powerful and have need of nothing; but you can show your gratitude by doing what is best for yourself. Do right, study faith-

fully, be kind to everyone you meet; make yourself as good and true and learned as you can. I will take whatever you make of yourself as a gift of gratitude to me."

When the boy was grown to manhood, and no longer needed school and teachers, he went again to his benefactor and said, "I have done what I could for myself, for your sake. Now I am ready to serve you in any way that I can. I am grateful; I would prove my gratitude. What can I do?"

The great man answered again, "I am rich and powerful and have need of nothing. You may prove your gratitude by going out into the great world and taking your place in it; and whenever you meet with the poor, or the unhappy, or the wicked, do for them what you would do for me were I in their place."

When the young man went out into the world what do you think he did?

John.—I think he did everything the man asked him to do.

Teacher.—Was it his duty to do so?

Nellie.—Yes, ma'am.

Teacher.—Do you think he wanted to do everything that the man asked him to do?

Nellie.—I think he did.

Teacher.—Does God need to have you do anything for Him?

Fred.—No, ma'am.

Teacher.—What can you do for yourselves to show God that you love Him and are grateful to Him?

Jennie.—We can try to be good.

Fred.—We can try to do right in everything all the time.

Harry.—We can speak the truth.

John.—We can try to grow up to be good men and women.

Teacher.—What can you do to others to show God that you love Him and are grateful to Him?

Nellie.—We can be kind to everyone.

James.—We can be good to poor people.

John.—We can try to get those who are bad to be good.

Teacher.—If you do all these things because you love God and want to show your love He will accept it. Make your own lives as good and true as you can; do all that you can to make those about you good and happy, because by so doing you are making the best possible gift to God.

SUMMARY.

I ought to show my love and gratitude to God

by trying to do right and by making myself as good and true as I can.

I ought to show it by doing all I can to make every one with whom I have anything to do good and happy. If I do so, God will accept what I do as a gift of gratitude to Him.

MOTTO.

When I'm working ; when I'm playing ;
When I'm silent, nothing saying ;
When I'm grave and when I'm gay ;
When I cannot have my way ;
Happy I may ever be—
For my Father cares for me.

God can look into my heart,
Seeing its most secret part ;
I am weak to keep out wrong,
But He'll help me to be strong ;
Sinful I should never be—
For my Father cares for me.



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